

Friedr. von Platen



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THE HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS,
AND HIS FRIEND
Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

BY
HENRY FIELDING, Esq.



VOL. II.

DRESDEN, 1783.

Printed by C. and F. WALTHER.C

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OF

JOSEPH ADAMS

MR. ADAMS



BY

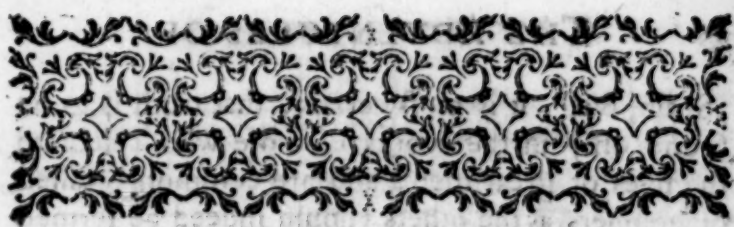
HENRY THOMPSON, ESQ.



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*Joseph Andrews, and his Friend
Mr. Abraham Adams.*

B O O K III.

CHAP. I.
Matter prefatory in praise of Biography.

Notwithstanding the preference which may
be vulgarly given to the authority of those
Romance writers, who intitle their books: „The
„History of England, the History of France, of
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„Spain, &c.” it is most certain, that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers or chorographers; words, which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon: but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than these eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country; for instance, between my Lord *Clarendon* and Mr. *Whitlock*, between Mr. *Echard* and Mr. *Rapin*, and many others; where, facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and indeed the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a Romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of facts, some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party: some representing the same man as a rogue, while others give him a great and honest character; yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened, and where the person, who is both a rogue and an honest man, lived. Now, with us biographers the case is different; the fact we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened; for though it may

be worth the examination of critics, whether the Shepherd *Chrysoptom*, who, as *Cervantes* informs us, died for love of the fair *Marcella*, who hated him, was ever in Spain; will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of *Cardenio*, the perfidy of *Ferdinand*, the impertinent curiosity of *Anselmo*, the weakness of *Canilla*, the irresolute friendship of *Lothario*: though perhaps as to the time and place where those several persons lived, that good historian may be deplorably deficient? But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of *Gil Blas*, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of *Dr. Sangrado*, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste any thing but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in *Scarron*, the *Arabian Nights*, the *History of Marianne*, and *Le Paysan Parvenu*, and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect: for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprising genius, the authors of immense Romances, or the modern Novel and *Atalantis* wri-

ters: who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can happen; whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are collected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise; that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extend of human genius! One may apply to them what *Balzac* says of *Aristotle*: That they are a second nature, (for they have no communication with the first:) by which authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches. But these of whom I am now speaking seem to be possessed of these stilts, which, the excellent *Voltaire* tells us, in his Letters, „carry the genius far off, but with an irregular pace.” Indeed far out of the sight of the reader: *or* *flap*

Beyond the Realm of Chaos and old Night.

But, to return to the former class, who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned *Don Quixote*, more worthy the name of a history than even *Marianna's*: for whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation; the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts and sciences; and of that, from the time it was

first polished, to this day; nay, and forwards, as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work before us; for indeed I have let them down principally to obviate some constructions which the good nature of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach, the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds, but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent, therefore, any such malicious applications, I declare here, once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered: Are not the character then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these 4000 years; and I hope God will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made Self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money to assist or preserve his fellow creatures; then was our lawyer born; and whilst such a person, as I have described, exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to

imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes: not to expose one piteous wretch to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance, but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus, by suffering private mortification, may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes the satirist from the libeller; for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publicly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are besides little circumstances to be considered: as the drapery of a picture, which, tho' fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by those means diminished. Thus, I believe, we may venture to say, *Mrs. Townhouse* is coeval with our lawyer: and tho' perhaps, during the changes which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn; I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short, where extreme turbulency of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, *Mrs. Townhouse* was that woman: and where a good inclination, eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and un-

derstanding, hath glimmered forth in a man; that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an opposite kind: for as in most of our particular characters we mean not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort; so in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: for instance, in our descriptions of high people, we cannot be intended to include such as, whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well guided condescension, make their superiority as easy as possible to those whom Fortune hath chiefly placed below them. Of this number I could name a Peer no less elevated by Nature than by Fortune, who, whilst he wears the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a Commoner, raised higher above the multitude by superior talents, than is in the power of his Prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation itself, and who is so great a master of affability, that if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that palace in which they are so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known:

I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people, therefore, whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who, while they are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to their mother, for such a degeneracy is scarce credible), have the insolence to treat those with disregard, who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendor. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men, who are an honour to their nature, and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CHAP. II.

A night-scene, wherein several wonderful Adventures befel Adams and his fellow-travellers.

It was so late when our travellers left the inn or ale-house, (for it might be called either), that they had not travelled many miles, before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me, if I am not particular as to the

the way they took; for as we are now drawing near the seat of the *Boobies*, and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country Squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when *Fanny* whispered *Joseph*, that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired, she could walk no farther. *Joseph* immediately prevailed with Parson *Adams*, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the loss of his dear *Æschylus*; but was a little comforted when reminded, that if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was, indeed, according to *Milton*, darkness visible. This was a circumstance, however, very favourable to *Joseph*; for *Fanny*, not suspicious of being overteem by *Adams*, gave a loose to her passion, which she had never done before; and reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to her's. All this infused such happiness into *Joseph*, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

10 THE ADVENTURES OF

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers; and being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time, before he discovered a light at some distance, that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his sorrow and surprise, it stopped for a moment, and then disappeared. He then called to *Joseph*, asking him, if he had not seen the light. *Joseph* answered: He had. „And did you not mark how it vanished? „returned he, tho' I am not afraid of ghosts, I „do not absolutely disbelieve them.”

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings; which was soon interrupted by several voices, which he thought almost at his elbow, though, in fact, they were not so extremely near: however, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them say, he had killed a dozen since that day fortnight.

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor *Fanny*, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced *Joseph* so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himself, too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and *Adams* having finished his ejaculations, grasped his crabstick, his only weapon, and coming up to

Joseph, would have had him quit *Fanny*, and place her in the rear; but his advice was fruitless, she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the presence of *Adams*, and, in a soothing voice declared, she would die in his arms. *Joseph* clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, that he preferred death in her's to life out of them. *Adams* brandishing his crabstick, said, he despised death as much as any man, and then repeated aloud:

*Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor & illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.*

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out: „D—n you, who is there?” To which *Adams* was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition, and now beginning to conceive, that the voices were of the same kind, he called out: „In the name of the Lord, what would'st thou have?” He had no sooner spoke, than he heard one of the voices cry out: „D—n them, here they come;” and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarter-staff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when *Joseph* catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away *Fanny* from the danger which threatened

her. He presently complied, and *Joseph* lifting up *Fanny*, they all three made the best of their way; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor *Fanny* not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. *Adams's* foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both *Joseph* and *Fanny*; indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill, which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hallowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and to relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him, *Joseph* and *Fanny* halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then *Joseph*, taking his *Fanny* in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where *Adams* soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaus and *petit-maitres* of the age, who, instead of being able, like *Joseph Andrews*, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill

steps of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards, where the nearest light presented itself, and having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. *Adams* here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get *Fanny* over; to which *Joseph* answered, if they walked along its banks, they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as, by the number of lights, they might be assured a parish was near. „Odso, that's true indeed, said *Adams*, I did not think of that.” Accordingly *Joseph's* advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. *Fanny* begged of *Joseph* to knock at the door, assuring him she was so weary, that she could hardly stand on her feet. *Adams*, who was foremost, performed this ceremony, and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it. *Adams* acquainted him, that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey, that he should be much obliged to him, if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself. The man, who saw *Fanny* by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of *Adams*, present-

ly answered, that the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company. He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the man of the house asked them, if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with? *Adams* thanked him, and answered, he would be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by *Joseph* and *Fanny*. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told *Fanny* she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused, with many thanks, saying: it was true she was very much tired, but a little rest, she hoped, would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr. *Adams*, who had filled himself with the ale and, by public permission, had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, if evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood? To which, receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the Downs; nor had he proceeded far in his story, when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and *Fanny* and the good woman turned pale; her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent, looking at one another, and heard several

voices discoursing pretty loudly. *Adams* was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms: *Joseph* was a little inclined to the same opinion; *Fanny* was some more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and laughing, told *Adams* he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered, were no other than twelve sheep. Adding that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but *Adams* muttered to himself, he was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that.

They now sat cheerfully round the fire, till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock, which having fallen down appeared under *Adams's* great coat, and the shabby livery on *Joseph Andrews*, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to *Adams*, he said: He perceived he was a Clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman. „Sir, answered *Adams*, I am a Clergyman at your service; but, as to that young „man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he

„is at present in no body's service; he never lived „in any other family than that of Lady *Booby*, „from whence he was discharged, I assure you, „for no crime.” *Joseph* said, he did not wonder „the gentleman was surprised to see one of Mr. „*Adams* character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man. „Child, said *Adams*, I „should be ashamed of my cloth, if I thought a „poor man, who is honest, below my notice or „my familiarity. I know not how those who „think otherwise, can profess themselves followers „and servants of him who made no distinction, „unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to „the rich.” „Sir, said he, addressing himself to „the gentleman, these two poor young people are „my parishioners, and I look on them and love „them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not „now time to recount it.” The master of the „house notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in *Adams*, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that *Adams* had any more of the Clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, „if „Mr. *Pope* had lately published any new thing?” *Adams* answered: „he had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read, „nor knew any of his works.” „Ho! ho!” says the gentleman to himself, „have I caught you?” „What, said he, have you never seen his *Homer*?” *Adams* answered: „He had never read any transla-

„tion of the classiks.” „Why, truly, replied the „gentleman, there is a dignity in the Greek language, which I think no modern tongue can „reach.” „Do you understand Greek, Sir?” said *Adams* hastily. „A little, Sir,” answered the gentleman. „Do you know, Sir, (cried *Adams*,) where I can buy an *Æschylus*? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine.” *Æschylus* was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he, therefore, returning back to *Homer*, asked *Adams*, what part of the *Iliad* he thought most excellent? *Adams* returned, his question would be properer, what kind of beauty was the chief in poetry; for that *Homer* was equally excellent in them all.

„And indeed, (continued he), what *Cicero* says „of a complete orator, may well be applied to a „great poet: *He ought to comprehend all perfections.* *Homer* did this in the most excellent „degree; it is not without reason, therefore, that „the philosopher, in the 22d chapter of his poeticks, „mentions him by no other appellation than that of „*The Poet.* He was the father of the drama, as „well as the epic: not of tragedy only, but of comedy also: for his *Margites*, which is deplorably „lost, bore, says *Aristotle*, the same analogy to comedy, as his *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to tragedy. To „him, therefore, we owe *Aristophanes*, as well as „*Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and my poor *Æschylus*. „But if you please, we will confine ourselves (at „least for the present) to the *Iliad*, his noblest

„work; though neither *Aristotle*, nor *Horace* give
„it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey*.
„First, then, as to his subject, can any thing be
„more simple, and, at the same time, more noble?
„He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious
„critics, for not chusing the whole war, which,
„though he says it hath a complete beginning and
„end, would have been too great for the under-
„standing to comprehend at one view. I have
„therefore often wondered why so correct a wri-
„ter as *Horace* should, in his epistle to *Lollius*,
„call him the *Trojani belli scriptorem*. Secondly,
„his action, termed by *Aristotle*: *Pragmaton Systas-
„sis*; is it possible for the mind of man to conceive
„an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same
„time so replete with greatness? And here I must
„observe, what I do not remember to have seen
„noted by any, the *Harmotton*, that agreement of
„his action to his subject; for as the subject is an-
„ger, how agreeable is his action, which is war?
„from which every incident arises, and to which
„every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his
„manners, which *Aristotle* places second in his de-
„scription of the several parts of tragedy, and
„which he says are included in the action; I am
„at a loss whether I should rather admire the ex-
„actness of his judgment in the nice distinction,
„or the immensity of his imagination in their va-
„riety. For, as to the former of these, how ac-
„curately is the sedate, injured resentment of *Achil-
„les* distinguished from the hot insulting passion of
„*Agamemnon*? How widely doth the brutal cou-

„rage of *Ajax* differ from the amiable bravery of
„*Diomedes*; and the wisdom of *Nestor*, which is
„the result of long reflection and experience, from
„the cunning of *Ulysses*, the effect of art and sub-
„tilty only? If we consider their variety, we may
„cry out with *Aristotle*, in his 24th chapter, that
„no part of this divine poem is destitute of man-
„ners. Indeed I might affirm, that there is scarce
„a character in human nature untouched in some
„part or other. And as there is no passion which
„he is not able to describe, so is there none in his
„reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any
„superior excellence to the rest, I have been incli-
„ned to fancy it in the pathetic. I am sure I ne-
„ver read with dry eyes the two episodes, where
„*Andromache* is introduced, in the former, lamen-
„ting the danger, and in the latter, the death of
„*Hector*. The images are so extremely tender,
„in these, that I am convinced, the poet had the
„worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I
„help observing how *Sophocles* falls short of the
„beauties of the original, in that imitation of the
„dissuasive speech of *Andromache*, which he hath
„put in the mouth of *Tecmessa*; and yet *Sophocles*
„was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy,
„nor have any of his successors in that art, that
„is to say, neither *Euripides*, nor *Seneca* the tra-
„gedian, been able to come near him. As to
„his sentiments and diction, I need say nothing;
„the former are particularly remarkable for the
„utmost perfection on that head, namely, pro-
„priety; and as to the latter, *Aristotle*, whom

„doubtless you have read over and over, is very
 „diffuse. I shall mention but one thing more,
 „which that great critic, in his division of tragē-
 „dy, calls *Opis*, or the scenery, and which is as
 „proper to the epic as to the drama, -with this dif-
 „ference, that in the former it falls to the share of
 „the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter.
 „But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in
 „the 13th and 14th Iliads? where the reader
 „sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the
 „army drawn up before it; the Grecian army,
 „camp, and fleet; Jupiter sitting on Mount Ida,
 „with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunderbolt
 „in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune
 „driving through the sea, which divides on each
 „side to permit his passage, and then seating him-
 „self on Mount Samos; the heavens opened, and
 „the deities all seated on their thrones. This is
 „sublime! this is poetry!” *Adams* then rapt out
 a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice,
 emphasis, and action, that he almost frighten'd the
 women; and as for the gentleman, he was so far
 from entertaining any farther suspicion of *Adams*,
 that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop
 in his house. He ran into the most extravagant
 encomiums on his learning; and the goodness of
 his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He
 said, he had great compassion for the poor young
 woman, who looked pale and faint with her jour-
 ney; and in truth he conceived a much higher
 opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said,
 he was sorry he could not accommodate them all:

but, if they were contented with his fire-side, he would sit up with the men; and the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and that not very good neither. *Adams*, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, persuaded *Fanny* to accept this kind proposal, in which solicitation he was seconded by *Joseph*. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last night, and not at all the preceding; so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer being therefore kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her house on the table, and the guests being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially *Parson Adams*. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that physical observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whetter of the stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than *Fanny*, at her own request, retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the house, *Adams*, and *Joseph*, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman insisted on the contrary, drew round the fire-side, where *Adams* (to use his own words) replenished his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the best liquor in his house.

The modest behaviour of *Joseph*, with the gracefulness of his person, the character which *Adams* gave of him, and the friendship he seemed to en-

ertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raised in him a curiosity to know the singularity which *Adams* had mentioned in his history. This curiosity *Adams* was no sooner informed of, than, with *Joseph's* consent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tenderness as was possible for the character of *Lady Booby*; and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual passion between him and *Fanny*, not concealing the meanness of her birth and education. These latter circumstances entirely cured a jealousy which had lately risen in the gentleman's mind, that *Fanny* was the daughter of some person of fashion, and that *Joseph* had run away with her, and *Adams* was concerned in the plot. He was now enamoured of his guests, drank their healths with great cheerfulness, and returned many thanks to *Adams*, who had spent much breath; for he was a circumstantial teller of a story.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of,*) which he did not expect to find under such a roof,

*) The author hath by some been represented to have made a blunder here: for *Adams* had indeed shewn some learning, (say they,) perhaps all the author had: but the gentleman hath shewn none, unless his approbation of *Mr. Adams* be such: but surely it would be preposterous in him to call it so. I have, however, notwithstanding this criticism, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-house, left this blunder as it stood in the first edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to any thing in this work, the observa-

had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known. Therefore, said he, if it be not too troublesome, Sir, your history, if you please.

The gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much right to insist on; and after some of the common apologies, which are the usual preface to a story, he thus began:

CHAP. III.

In which the gentleman relates the history of his life.

Sir, I am descended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public school, in which I proceeded so far as to become master of the Latin, and to be tolerably versed in the Greek language. My father died when I was sixteen, and left me master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I should not receive, till I attained the age of twenty-five; for he constantly asserted, that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. However, as this intention was so obscurely worded in his will,

tions which M. *Dacier* makes in her preface to her *Aristophanes*: „*Je tiens pour une maxime constante, qu'une beauté mediocre plait plus généralement qu'une beauté sans défaut.*“ Mr. *Congreve* hath made such another blunder in his *Love for Love*, where *Tattle* tells *Miss Prue*, she would admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her, as if he himself was possessed of it.

that the lawyers advised me to contest the point with my trustees; I own I paid so little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and soon succeeded; for the trustees did not contest the matter very obstinately on their side. „Sir, (said *Adams*,) may I crave the favour of your name?“ The gentleman answered, his name was *Wilson*, and then proceeded.

I stay'd a very little while at school after his death; for being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world; for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for besides the obvious mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed. The first impression which mankind receives of you will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, must it be to fix your character in life, before you can possibly know its value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish your future reputation?

A little under seventeen I left my school, and went to London, with no more than six pounds in my pocket. A great sum as I then conceived, and which I was afterwards surprised to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining was that of a fine gentleman, the first requisites to which I apprehended were to be supplied by a taylor, a perriwig-

perriwig-maker and some few more tradesmen, who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This, I own, then agreeably surprised me; but I have since learned, that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town, to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and music, came into my head: but as they required expence and time, I comforted myself, with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public places. Accordingly I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately: I mean the reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen with the finest women in town.

At these words *Adams* fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, „Good Lord! „what wicked times are these?”

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you, they were all vestal virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that: for very probably the persons to whom I shewed their billets, knew as well as I that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself.

„Write letters to yourself!” said *Adams*, staring.

O Sir, answered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, „D—n her, she! „We shall have her at H—d’s very soon.” When he hath replied: He thought her virtuos, I have answered, „Ay, thou wilt always think a woman „virtuous, till she is in the streets; but you and I,

„Jack or Tom, (turning to another in company,) „know better!” At which I have drawn a paper „out of my pocket, perhaps a tailor’s bill, and kissed it, crying, at the same time: „By gad I was „once fond of her.”

„Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any „more,” said *Adams*.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, Sir, in this course of life I continued full three years. — „What course of life? answered „*Adams*) I do not remember you have mentioned „any.” — Your remark is just, said the gentleman, smiling, I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing. I remember, some time afterwards, I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, (a groan from *Adams*,) and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the auction; told Lady — she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said, I can’t remember what; for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box; but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, dressed myself. A groan.

4 to 6, dined. A groan.

6 to 8, Coffee-house.

8 to 9, Drury-Lane Playhouse.

9 to 10, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

10 to 12, Drawing-room.

A great groan.

At all which places nothing happened worth remark. At which *Adams* said, with some vehemence: „Sir, this is below the life of an animal, „hardly above vegetation; and I am surprised what „could lead a man of your sense into it.” What leads us into more follies than you imagine, Doctor, answered the gentleman, vanity: for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me,) with all your learning, and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. *Adams* bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St. Jame's coffeehouse, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lie. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but a scornful sneer. After this, I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me

first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with left me out, and, within a week, I found myself in as much solitude at St. James's, as if I had been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a greath hat and long sword, at last told me, he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to shew the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him; but he explained himself, and ending with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would, out of pure charity, go to him with it. „A „very charitable person truly! cried *Adams*.” I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it; and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined, that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaux of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows, who drank with Lords they did not

know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent-Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition, where I shone forth in the balconies at the playhouses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenches, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all further conversation with beaux and smarters of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. „I think, (said *Adams*) the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was „very proper; but I should rather have expected „it from a divine than a surgeon.” The gentleman smiled at *Adams's* simplicity, and without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid; however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before quarter-day, I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow who was dressed like an officer, but was indeed a city-apprentice.

Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapped out half a dozen of oaths, and, snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted and the same bawd presently provided her another keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation, as I found, within a day or two, I had reason to be for our meeting: for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who, after having been forty years in the Army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of *Marlborough*, died a lieutenant on half-pay; and had left a widow with this only child, in very distressed circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work; for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good an use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her

away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her. — (At which words *Adams* started up, fetched three strides cross the room, and then replaced himself in his chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself: I assure you, it will never be sufficiently repented of in my opinion; but if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised, when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villainous action! If you please therefore, I will here desist. — „By no means, (cries *Adams*,) „go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant, you „may sincerely repent of this, and many other „things you have related.” — I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities. could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together without any company or conversation more than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and tho' I still preserved a great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company; and consequently to leave her by degrees, at last, whole days to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not lived long in this intimacy, before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all

her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and, if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears and fits, were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which, having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broke open my scrutoire, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200 l. In the first heat of my resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law; but as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury, for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing, at the same time, that the poor old woman, her mother, had broke her heart on the daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myself her murderer, (as you very well might," cries *Adams* with a groan:) was pleased, that God

Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate. — Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr. *Adams* echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this girl during the whole time I kept her; but she had scarce departed, before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now foreswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate the pain, and railed at the beautiful creatures in as gross language, as *Juvenal* himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town-harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived; their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by disease and death; nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me cover a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some

common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the charming *Sapphira*, which, having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. *Sapphira* was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections, which, however, he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a coquette *achevée*. „Pray, Sir, (says *Adams*,) „what is a coquette? I have met with the word „in French authors, but never could assign any „idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une „fotte*, Anglice, a fool.” Sir, answered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken: but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation, according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond instinct; for though sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteristic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness, and health, are sometimes affected by this creature; so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding and sick-

ness, likewise put on by it in their turn. Its life is one constant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love, (as it is not, for if ever it attains this passion, the coquette ceases instantly), it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured when they endeavour to persuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my *Sapphira*, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers, than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement; she would often look at me, and when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprise and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced, in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, hiss, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion, which daily deceive thousands. When I played at whist with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh, and cry: „La! I can't imagine what I was thinking „of.” To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress, I sought an

opportunity of coming to an eclairsissement with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however, great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice, that, when she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprise, and, immediately after, as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner; and, breaking from me the first moment she could, told me, I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment, than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued her, but to no purpose, and was at length convinced that her husband had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, tho' neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her, that she had not cast away her hints on a barren or cold soil: on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised, with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another;

and as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine; she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able: but my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband, gave us great uneasiness. „Poor wretch! I pity him,” cried *Adams*. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderness; and I assure you it is a great satisfaction to me, that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for, in the end, he discovered us, and procured witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered 3000 L. damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay: and what was worse, his wife being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length dead rid me of an inconvenience which the consideration, of my having been the author of her misfortunes, would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly com-

panions, who slept all day, and drank all night? fellows who might rather be said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise; singing, hallowing, wrangling, drinking, roasting, sp—wing, smoaking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as they were, they were more tolerable than our graver scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a period to; and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest points of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth; in the pursuit of which, they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shewn them the falsehood of that very ancient but simple tenet, that there is such a being as a Deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain rule of right, by adhering to which, they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived, and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing

repugnant to it. I held in utmost contempt all persons who wanted any other inducement to virtue, besides her intrinſick beauty and excellence; and had ſo high an opinion of my preſent companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have truſted them with whatever was neareſt and deareſt to me. Whiſt I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened ſucceſſively, which at firſt much ſurpriſed me. For, one of our greateſt philoſophers, or rule of rightmen, withdrew himſelf from us, taking with him the wife of one of his moſt intimate friends. Secondly, another of the ſame ſociety leſt the club without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third having borrowed a ſum of money of me, for which I received no ſecurity, when I aſked him to repay it, abſolutely denied the loan. Theſe ſeveral practices, ſo inconſiſtent with our golden rule, made me begin to ſuſpect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he ſaid: There was nothing abſolutely good or evil in itſelf; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumſtances of the agent. That poſſibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife, might be one of very good inclinations, but over-prevailed on by the violence of an unruly paſſion; and, in other particulars, might be a very worthy member of ſociety: that if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneaſineſs, he had a right from Nature to relieve himſelf; with many other things, which I then

then detested so much, that I took leave of the society that very evening, and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a state of solitude which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the playhouses, which indeed was always my favourite diversion, and most evenings passed away two or three hours behind the scenes, where I met with several poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewise of our parties. At these meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occasions I observed the gentleman who furnished our entertainment was commonly the best pleased of the company; who, tho' they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. „Sir, (says *Adams*), „your remarks, if you please.” First, then, says he, I concluded that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c.; but these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to shew you his perfection; and on his readiness to do this, that vulgar opinion, I have before mentioned, is grounded. But doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house, or

the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time, and employs great pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villainy, by a title or a ribbon, sacrifice as much to vanity, as the poor wit, who is desirous to read you his poem or his play? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other; for as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it; so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now, in lust and ambition these are few; and even in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits: but the vain man seeks pre-eminence; and every thing, which is excellent or praise-worthy in another, renders him the marks of his antipathy. *Adams* now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out: „O la! I have it not about me.” — Upon this, the gentleman asking him what he was searching for; he said, he searched after a sermon, which he thought his masterpiece against vanity. „Fy upon it, fy upon it, (cries he), why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket? I wish it was within five miles; I would willingly fetch it, to read it to you.” The gentleman answered: That there was no need, for he was cured of the passion. „And for that very reason, (quoth *Adams*.) I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it: indeed I have never been a greater enemy to any passion, than that silly one of vanity.” The gentleman smiled, and proceeded. —

From this society I easily passed to that of the gamblers, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finishing my fortune, which those gentlemen soon helped me to the end of. This opened scenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and distress, with their horrid train of duns, attorneys, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew shabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this situation, the strangest thought imaginable came into my head; and what was this, but to write a play? for I had sufficient leisure; fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination, and something of a genius that way, I set myself to work, and within a few months, produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances; and resolving to follow a precedent which was so well suited to my present circumstances, I immediately provided myself with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the state of poetry, would these tickets pass current at the backhouse, the alehouse, and the chandler's shop; but alas! far otherwise; no tailor will take them in payment for buckram, canvas, stay-tape; nor, no bailiff for civility-money. They are indeed no more than a passport to beg with, a certificate that the owner wants five shillings, which induces well-disposed

Christians to charity. I now experienced what is worse than poverty, or rather what is the worst consequence of poverty, I mean attendance and dependance on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality, where, after seeing the lowest rascals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in fashion admitted, I have been sometimes told, on sending in my name, that my Lord could not possibly see me this morning; a sufficient assurance that I should never more get entrance into that house. Sometimes I have been at last admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was tied up. „Tied up, (says *Adams*). pray what's that?" Sir, says the gentleman, the profit which booksellers allowed authors for the best works, was so very small, that certain men of birth and fortune, some years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement. Thus *Prior*, *Rowe*, *Pope*, and some other men of genius, received large sums for their labours from the public. This seemed so easy a method of getting money, that many of the lowest scribblers of the times ventured to publish their works in the same way; and many had the assurance to take in subscriptions for what was not writ, not ever intended. Subscriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public, some persons, finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors, or

to know what genius was worthy encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the expence of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a larger one, if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all sollicitation. The same method was likewise taken with playhouse-tickets, which were no less a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from subscribing. „I can't say but the term is apt enough, and somewhat typical, (said *Adams*), for a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, ought to be tied up in reality.” Well, Sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace, as alms are generally to the meanest beggar, and purchased too with as much time spent in attendance as, if it had been spent in honest industry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more satisfaction. After about two months spent in this disagreeable way, with the utmost mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the prospect of a plentiful harvest from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearsal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again; for that

they could not possibly act it that season, but if I would take it and revise it against the next, they would be glad to see it again. I snatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myself on the bed in a fit of despair. — „You should rather have thrown yourself on your knees, (says *Adams*), „for despair is sinful.” As soon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the first tumult of my passion, I began to consider coolly what course I should take, in a situation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could see no other possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable necessities of life, than to retire to a garret near the temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied: but instead of furnishing me with any business, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, he was afraid I should turn his deeds into plays, and he should expect to see them on the stage. Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that *Plato* himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer —

That's Poet Wilson: for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education, and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose births and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are, in reality, the worst bred part of mankind. Well, Sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, it was a pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me. A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal, with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business: for he furnished me with so much, that in half a year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper by my sedentary life, in which no part

of my body was exercised but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happened to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any further engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren as a careless idle fellow. I had, however, by having half worked and half starved myself to death, during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery ticket, resolving to throw myself into Fortune's lap, and try if she would make me amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase being made, left me almost penniless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookseller. He arrested me at my tailor's suit for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail, and was therefore conveyed to his house, where I was locked up in an upper-chamber. I had now neither health, (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition), liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the desire of life. „But this „could not last long, (said *Adams*), for doubtless „the tailor released you the moment he was truly „acquainted with your affairs, and knew that your „circumstances would not permit you to pay him.” Oh, Sir, answered the gentleman, he knew that before he arrested me: nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying

my debt; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days: but when I reminded him of this, with assurances that, if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could by my utmost labour and industry procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive, he answered: His patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money: that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must ly in gaol, and expect no mercy. „He may expect mercy, (cries *Adams*, starting from his chair,) where he will find none. How „can such a wretch repeat the Lord's prayer, where „the word, which is translated, I know not for „what reason, *Trespases*, is in the original: *Debts*? „And as surely as we do not forgive others their „debts, when they are unable to pay them, so surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven, when we „are in no condition of paying.” He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable situation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery ticket, found me out, and, making me a visit, with great delight in his countenance, shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me joy of my good fortune: „For, „(says he,) your ticket is come up a prize of „3000 l.” *Adams* snapt his fingers, at these words, in an ecstasy of joy; which, however, did not

continue long: for the gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir, this was only a trick of Fortune to sink me the deeper: for I had disposed of this lottery ticket two days before to a relation, who refused lending me a shilling without it, in order to procure myself bread. As soon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate sale, he began to revile me, and remind me of the ill conduct and miscarriages of my life. He said I was one whom Fortune could not save, if she would; and that I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, nor must expect any pity from my friends; that it would be extreme weakness to compassionate the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own destruction. He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happiness I should have now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my ticket. I urged the plea of necessity; but he made no answer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired him to finish his visit. I soon exchanged the bailiff's house for a prison; where as I had not money sufficient to procure me a separate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miserable wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholesome air. In these dreadful circumstances, I applied by letter to several of my old acquaintance, and such to whom I had formerly lent money without any great prospect of its being returned, for their assistance; but in vain. An excuse, instead of a denial, was

the gentlest answer I received. — Whilst I languished in a condition too horrible to be described, and which, in a land of humanity, and what is much more, Christianity, seems a strange punishment for a little inadvertency and indiscretion; whilst I was in this condition, a fellow came into the prison, and inquiring me out, delivered me the following letter:

„SIR,

„My father, to whom you sold your ticket in
„the last lottery, died the same day in which it came up a prize, as you have possibly heard, and
„left me sole heiress of all his fortune. I am so
„much touched with your present circumstances,
„and the uneasiness you must feel at having been
„driven to dispose of what might have made you
„happy, that I must desire your acceptance of the
„inclosed, and am,

„Your humble servant,

„HARRIET HEARTY.”

And what do you think was inclosed? „I
„don't know, (cried *Adams*,) not less than a guinea,
„I hope. — Sir, it was a bank-note for 200 l. —
„200 l.!” says *Adams* in a rapture. — No less, I
assure you, answered the gentleman; a sum I was
not half so delighted with, as with the dear name
of the generous girl that sent it me; and who was
not only the best, but the handsomest creature in
the universe; and for whom I had long had a pas-

sion, which I never durst disclose to her. I kissed her name a thousand times, my eyes overflowing with tenderness and gratitude, I repeated — But not to detain you with these raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty, and, having paid all my debts, departed, with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumstance which, upon reflection, pleased me; for, by that means, I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dress. At her return to town, within a day or two, I threw myself at her feet, with the most ardent acknowledgments, which she rejected with an unfeigned greatness of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if possible, thinking on a circumstance which must bring in my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: „what I have done, is, in „my own eyes, a trifle, and, perhaps, infinitely „less than would have become me to do. And if „you think of engaging in any business, where a „larger sum may be serviceable to you, I shall „not be over-rigid, either as to the security or interest.” I endeavoured to express all the gratitude in my power to this profusion of goodness, though perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer reflections than poverty, distress, and prisons united, had been able to make me feel: for, Sir, these acts and professions of kindness, which were

sufficient to have raised in a good heart the most violent passion of friendship to one of the same, or to age and ugliness in a different sex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman, one whose perfections I had long known, and for whom I had long conceived a violent passion, tho' with a despair which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish or acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with beauty, softness, and tenderness, such bewitching smiles — O! Mr. *Adams*, in that moment I lost myself; and forgetting our different situations, nor considering what return I was making to her goodness, by desiring her, who had given me so much, to bestow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and conveying it to my lips, I pressed it with inconceivable ardour; then, lifting up my swimming eyes, I saw her face and neck overspread with one blush: she offered to withdraw her hand, yet not so as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentlest force. We both stood trembling, her eyes cast on the ground, and mine stedfastly fixed on her. Good God, what was then the condition of my soul! burning with love, desire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender passion, all bent on one charming object. Passion at last got the better of both reason and respect; and, softly letting go her hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my arms: when, a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some shew of anger, if she had any reason to expect this treatment from me. I then fell

prostrate before her, and told her, if I had offended, my life was absolutely in her power, which I would in any manner lose for her sake. „Nay, „Madam, said I, you shall not be so ready to punish me, as I to suffer. I own my guilt. I detest „the reflection, that I would have sacrificed your „happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repented my ingratitude; yet, believe me too, it was „my passion, my unbounded passion for you, which „hurried me so far; I have loved you long and „tenderly; and the goodness you have shewn me, „hath innocently weighed down a wretch undone „before. Acquit me of all mean, mercenary views; „and, before I take my leave of you for ever, „which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me, „that fortune could have raised me to no height to „which I could not have gladly lifted you. O cursed be fortune! — do not, says she, interrupting me with the sweetest voice, do not curse „Fortune, since she hath made me happy: and if „she hath put your happiness in my power, I have „told you, you shall ask nothing in reason which „I will refuse. Madam, (said I,) you mistake „me, if you imagine, as you seem, my happiness „is in the power of Fortune now. You have obliged me too much already; if I have any wish, it „is for some blessed accident, by which I may „contribute with my life to the least augmentation „of your felicity. As for myself, the only happiness I can ever have, will be hearing of yours; „and if Fortune will make that complete, I will „forgive her all her wrongs to me. You may,

„indeed, answered she smiling, for your own
„happiness must be included in mine. I have long
„known your worth; nay, I must confess, said
„she, blushing, I have long discovered that pas-
„sion for me you profess, notwithstanding those
„endeavours, which, I am convinced, were unaf-
„fected, to conceal it; and if all I can give, with
„reason, will not suffice, — take reason away, —
„and now, I believe, you cannot ask me what I
„will deny” — She uttered these words with a
sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately star-
ted; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart,
rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood
for a moment silent; then, flying to her, I caught
her in my arms, no longer resisting, — and softly
told her, she must give me then herself. — O
Sir, — can I describe her look? She remained
silent, and almost motionless, several minutes. At
last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my
leaving her, and in such a manner, that I instantly
obeyed: you may imagine, however, I soon saw
her again. — But I ask pardon, I fear I have de-
tained you too long in relating the particulars of
the former interview. „So far otherwise, said
„Adams, licking his lips, that I could willingly
„hear it over again.” Well, Sir, continued the
gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a
week she consented to make me the happiest of
mankind. We were married shortly after; and
when I came to examine the circumstances of my
wife's fortune, (which, I do assure you, I was not
presently at leisure enough to do,) I found it

amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately, undertook it; for, not having been bred up to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little: for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means: no was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces, from the emulation of spending money, and the men of business, from envy in getting it. My happiness consisted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my prospects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for she was now big of her
second

second child: I therefore took an opportunity to ask her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reasons, and perceiving my affection for it, she readily embraced. We soon put our small fortune, now reduced under three thousand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchased this little place, whither we retired soon after her delivery, from a world full of bustle, noise, hatred, envy and ingratitude, to ease, quiet, and love. We have here lived almost twenty years, with little other conversation than our own, most of the neighbourhood taking us for very strange people; the Squire of the parish representing me as a madman, and the parson as a Presbyterian; because I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. „Sir, says *Adams*, „Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her debts in „this sweet retirement.” Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the Great Author of all things for the blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderness of a parent. But no blessings are pure in this world. Within three years of my arrival here, I lost my eldest son, (here he sighed bitterly.) „Sir, says *Adams*, we „must submit to Providence, and consider death „is common to all.” We must submit, indeed, answered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loss with patience: but, alas! Sir, he was stolen away from my door, by some wicked travelling people whom they call Gipsies;

nor could I ever, with the most diligent search, recover him. Poor child! he had the sweetest look, the exact picture of his mother; at which some tears unwittingly dropt from his eyes, as did likewise from those of *Adams*, who always sympathised with his friends on those occasions. Thus, Sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story, in which, if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle: which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAP. IV.

A description of Mr. Wilson's way of living. The tragical adventure of the dog, and other grave matters.

The gentleman returned with the bottle; and *Adams* and he sat some time silent, when the former started up, and cried: „No, that won't do.” The gentleman enquired into his meaning; he answered, „he had been considering that it was possible „the late famous *King Theodore* might have been „that very son whom he had lost; but added, that „his age could not answer that imagination. However, (says he,) God disposes all things for the „best, and very probably he may be some great „man, or duke; and may, one day or other, re- „visit you in that capacity.” The gentleman answered, he should know him amongst then thousand;

for he had a mark on his left breast of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady, the *Morning*, now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss —, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person the Sun stole softly from his wife's chamber to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden, which he readily agreed to, and *Joseph*, at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours buried, went with them. No parterres, no fountains, no statues embellished this little garden. Its only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filbert-hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But though vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruits, and every thing useful for the kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of *Adams*, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you; whatever you see here, is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I like.

E. ij

*) Whoever the reader pleases.

wife procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons, I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here, without assistance from physic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself, whilst my wife dresses her children, and prepares our breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife, nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own sex capable of making juster observations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And sure as this friendship is sweetened with more delicacy and tenderness, so it is confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the closest male alliance: for what union can be so fast, as our common interest in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourself a father: if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my little ones. Would you not despise me, if you saw me stretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? „I should reverence the sight, (quoth *Adams*;) I

„myself am now the father of six, and have been „of eleven, and I can say I never scourged a child „of my own, unless as his schoolmaster, and then „have felt every stroke on my own posteriors. „And as to what you say concerning women, I „have often lamented, my own wife did not understand Greek.” — The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an understanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, says he, my *Harriet*, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and few gentlemen’s housekeepers understand cookery or confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now; however the wine you commended so much last night at supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. „And I assure you it is as excellent, quoth *Adams*, as ever I tasted.” We formerly kept a maid-servant, but since my girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise or ruin a plain husband. Indeed I could wish a man of my own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot: for I have experienced that calm serene happiness which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things being just risen,

ran eagerly towards him, and asked him blessing; they were shy to the strangers; but the eldest acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was surprised at the beauty of *Fanny*, who had now recovered herself from her fatigue, and was entirely clean drest; for the rogues who had taken away her purse, had left her her bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of the husband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well disposed mind of *Mr. Adams*, equally with the readiness which they expressed to oblige their guests, and their forwardness to offer them the best of every thing in their house; and what delighted him still more, was an instance or two of their charity: for whilst they were at breakfast, the good woman was called forth to assist her sick neighbour, which she did with some cordials made for the public use; and the good man went into his garden at the same time, to supply another with something which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good people were in the utmost cheerfulness, when they heard the report of a gun; and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldest daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himself at his mistress's

feet; the poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burst into tears at the sight; and presently one of the neighbours came in, and informed them, that the young squire, the son of the Lord of the manor, had shot him as he passed by, swearing at the same time he would prosecute the master of him for keeping a spaniel; for that he had given notice he would not suffer one in the parish. The dog, whom his mistress had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expressed great agony at his loss; and the other children began to cry for their sister's misfortune, nor could *Fanny* herself refrain. Whilst the father and mother attempted to comfort her, *Adams* grasped his crab-stick, and would have sallied out after the squire, had not *Joseph* withheld him. He could not, however, bridle his tongue. — He pronounced the word *Rascal* with great emphasis; said he deserved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wished he had the scourging of him. The mother took her child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms, out of the room, when the gentleman said, this was the second time this squire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him smartly once before, adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature; for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fist, had never been twenty yards from the house in the six years his daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this usage: but his father had too great a fortune to contend with.

That he was as absolute as any tyrant in the universe, and had killed all the dogs, and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. „I wish I could catch „him in my garden, (says *Adams*,) though I would „rather forgive him riding through my house, than „such an ill-natured act as this.”

The cheerfulness of their conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer, and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as *Joseph* and *Fanny* were impatient to get home and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness which *Adams* had insisted on; they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay dinner: but when he found their eagerness to depart, he summoned his wife; and accordingly having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and curtsies, more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave, the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed, *Adams* declaring, that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAP. V.

A disputation on schools, held on the road between Mr. Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a discovery not unwelcome to them both.

Our travellers having well refreshed themselves at the gentleman's house, *Joseph* and *Fanny* with sleep, and Mr. *Abraham Adams* with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road in which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval, we shall present our readers with a very curious discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public schools, which pass'd between Mr. *Joseph Andrews* and Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

They had not gone far, before *Adams* calling to *Joseph*, asked him if he had attended to the gentleman's story; he answered: „to all the former part.” „And don't you think, (says he), he „was a very unhappy man in his youth?” „A very unhappy man indeed,” answered the other, „*Joseph*, (cries *Adams*, screwing up his mouth), „I have found it; I have discovered the cause of „all the misfortunes which beset him. A public „school, *Joseph*, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools „are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. All „the wicked fellows whom I remember at the

„university were bred at them. — Ah Lord! I
„can remember as well as if it were but yester-
„day, a knot of them; they called them King's
„scholars, I forget why — very wicked fellows!
„*Joseph*, you may thank the Lord you were not
„bred at a public school; you would never have
„preserved your virtue as you have. The first
„care I always take, is of a boy's morals; I had
„rather he should be a blockhead than an atheist
„or a Presbyterian. What is all the learning in
„the world compared to his immortal soul? What
„shall a man take in exchange for his soul! But
„the masters of great schools trouble themselves
„about no such thing. I have known a lad of
„eighteen at the university who hath not been able
„to say his catechism; but for my own part, I
„always scourged a lad sooner for missing that than
„any other lesson. Believe me, child, all that
„gentleman's misfortunes arose from his being
„educated at a public school.”

„It doth not become me, (answered *Joseph*),
„to dispute any thing, Sir, with you, especially
„a matter of this kind; for to be sure you must
„be allowed by all the world, to be the best tea-
„cher of a school in all our country.” „Yes, that,
„(says *Adams*), I believe, is granted me; that I
„may without much vanity pretend to—nay, I be-
„lieve I may go to the next County too: — but
„*gloriari non est meum*.” — However, Sir, as
„you are pleased to bid me speak, (says *Joseph*),
„you know, my late master, Sir *Thomas Booby*,
„was bred at a public school, and he was the finest

„gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he had a hundred boys, he would breed them all at the same place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public school, and carried into the world, will learn more in one year there, than one of a private education will in five. He used to say, the school itself initiated him a great way, (I remember that was his very expression); for great schools are little societies, where a boy of any observation may see in epitome what he will afterwards find in the world at large.” „*Hinc illae lachrymae*; for that very reason, (quoth *Adams*), I prefer a private school, where boys may be kept in innocence and ignorance; for according to that fine passage in the play of *Cato*, the only English tragedy I ever read:

„*If knowledge of the world must make men
villains,*

„*May Juba ever live in ignorance.*

„Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child, than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences; which, by the bye, he may learn in the classes of a private school? For I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private, as in a public education.” „And with submission, (answered *Joseph*), he may get as much vice, witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their

own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise. I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous, wicked inclination, no school, tho' ever so private, will ever make him good; on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please, he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say, that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private." — "You talk like a jackanapes, (says *Adams*), and so did your master. Discipline indeed! because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian? I do presume to confer in this point with all who have taught from *Chicon's* time to this day; and if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline among them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember, I say nothing; but if *Sir Thomas* himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody, remember I name nobody, it might have been better for him — but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world! *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" *Joseph* seeing him run on in this manner, asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention to

offend. „I believe you had not, child, (said he), „and I am not angry with you: but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this.” — And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed, if this good man had any enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters; neither of which points he would have given up to *Alexander the Great* at the head of his army.

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifullest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods; and the trees rose gradually above each other by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skilful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raised romantic ideas in elder minds than those of *Joseph* and *Fanny*, without the assistance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and *Joseph* proposed to *Adams* that they should rest a while in this delightful place, and refresh themselves with some provisions which the good-nature of *Mrs. Wilson* had provided them with. *Adams* made no objection to the proposal; so down they sat, and pulling out a cold fowl, and a bottle of

wine, they made a repast with a chearfulness which might have attracted the envy of more splendid tables. I should not omit, that they found among their provisions a little paper containing a piece of gold, which *Adams* imagining had been put there by mistake, would have returned back to restore it; but he was at last convinced by *Joseph*, that Mr. *Wilson* had taken this handsome way of furnishing them with a supply for their journey, on his having related the distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the generosity of the pedlar. *Adams* said, he was glad to see such an instance of goodness, not so much for the conveniency which it brought them, as for the sake of the doer, whose reward would be great in heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a reflection, that he should shortly have an opportunity of returning it him: for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somersetshire, to pass through *Adams's* parish, and had faithfully promised to call on him: a circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which those who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourselves, will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of seeing him again. Then *Joseph* made a speech on charity, which the reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any such reading, without first giving him warning.

CHAP. VI.

Moral reflections by Joseph Andrews, with the hunting adventure, and Parson Adams's miraculous escape.

I have often wondered, Sir, said *Joseph*, to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things at a great expence, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman, by a sum of money, to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a gaol, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things; which, when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lace-maker, the tailor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than

the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my Lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them, I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it has been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house, but *Ammy-coni*, *Paul Varnish*, *Hannibal Scratchi*, or *Hoggarthi*, which I suppose were the names of the painters; but if it was asked who redeemed such a one out of prison? who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set him up? who cloathed that family of poor small children? It is very plain what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my Lady at any house where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her, at her return home, make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended: and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families; but I defy the wisest man in the world, to turn a truly good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. No body scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at wickedness,

ness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is plain as day-light to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years. „Are all the great „folks wicked then?“ says *Fanny*. To be sure there are some exceptions, answered *Joseph*. Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their Lords and masters; and I have heard Squire *Pope*, the great poet, at my Lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called *Ross*, and another at the Bath, one *Al—Al—* I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses: This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the Squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, tho' it stands on a hill, ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the Squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and, to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them. — This was all of Mr. *Joseph Andrews's* speech, which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of Parson *Adams*, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had so been from the beginning of the preceding narrative: and indeed, if the reader considers that so many hours had

past since he closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even *Henley* himself, or as great an orator, (if any such be), had been in his *rostrum* or tub before him.

Joseph, who, whilst he was speaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived on looking up, the position of *Adams*, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards *Fanny*, and taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted, nor she permitted before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore, than it seated itself on its hinder legs, and listened to the sound of the pursuers. *Fanny* was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it: but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend, who would have protected it, and, traversing the meadows, again past the little rivulet

on the opposite side? It was however so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of *Fanny*, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of his life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a sudden the hounds rushed thro' the wood, which resounded with their throats, and the throats of their retinue, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now past the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare: five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were, in the attempt, thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of Fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. *Joseph*, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion: he left *Fanny* for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, attained the bank, (for the rivulet was not at all deep); and, without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses, but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting al-

most at every step, crawled thro' the wood, and had almost got round to the place where *Fanny* stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies; and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before *Fanny's* face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on *Joseph*, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting, in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of *Adams*, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake, perhaps, for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock: others, at the same time, applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him: but being roused by these thuggings, he instantly awaked, and, with a jerk, delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviae* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with

the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave, that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say, (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read *Homer* nor *Virgil*, nor knows he any thing of *Hector* or *Turnus*; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of *Adams*, we assure them they shall be as much pleased at what we shall immediately relate of *Joseph Andrews*. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when *Adams* set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great Hunter of Men: indeed he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he

thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with the other sport; and accordingly crying out: Stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. *Adams*, swearing it was the largest jack-hare he ever saw: at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him: in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human, or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou chusest to be called, who presidest over Biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times: Thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal *Gulliver*; who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy *Mallet*: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of *Cicero*: lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced *Colley Cibber* to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to: do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave *Joseph Andrews*, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy; tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did *Joseph Andrews* perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting

dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. *Deard's* best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those flicks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a morning: but this was far his master-piece; on its head was ingraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon, but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have ingraved here many histories: as the first night of Captain *B—'s* play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. *Cock* would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a China basin, and with astonishment wondering that: „Nobody bids more „for that fine, that superb.” — He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had *Joseph* grasped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes;

and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as *Rockwood* had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons; the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose: for indeed, what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength and swiftness; all which blazed in the person of *Joseph Andrews*. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of *Joseph Andrews*, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now *Rockwood* had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopt his flight; which *Joseph* no sooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him sprawling. *Fowler* and *Ringwood* then fell on his great coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not *Joseph*, collecting all his force, given *Fowler* such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain: a harder fate remained for thee, o *Ringwood*; *Ringwood*, the best bound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true;

good at trailing; and sure in a highway, no babbler, no overrunner, respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand: he fell by the stroke of *Joseph*! *Thunder* and *Plunder*, and *Wonder* and *Blunder*, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then *Fairmaid*, a bitch which Mr. *John Temple* had bred up in his own house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the Squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at *Joseph*, and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not *Diana* (the reader may believe or not as he pleases,) in that instant interposed, and in the shape of the huntsman snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by *Cæsar*, and pulled to the ground. Then *Joseph* flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, o eternal blot to his name! *Cæsar* ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that Fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath, with her usual dignity, related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance or life-writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased: we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The Squire and his companions, whom the figure of *Adams*, and the gallantry of *Joseph*, had first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chace, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The Squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and, summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of *Joseph*, what he meant by assailing his dogs in that manner. *Joseph* answered with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by, and see that gentleman (pointing to *Adams*) abused either by man or beast: and having so said, both he and *Adams* brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the Squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant *Fanny*, whom the apprehension of *Joseph's* danger had alarmed so much, that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The Squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life: in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared: 'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin, instead of sticking to a hare.

The Squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. *Adams* with a more favourable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could, to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant; for so he imagined *Joseph* to be. He then invited Mr. *Adams* to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. *Adams* refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so

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much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field being, gathered together by *Joseph*, (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten,) he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the Squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely *Fanny* attracted the eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them; so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on *Adams*; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the Squire and his facetious companions.

CHAP. VII.

A scene of roasting, very nicely adapted to the present taste and times.

They arrived at the Squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of *Fanny*, whom the Squire, who was a

batchelor, was desirous to place at his own table: but she would not consent, nor would Mr. *Adams* permit her to be parted from *Joseph*; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for *Adams*; which design being executed, the Squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with *Fanny*.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune, a batchelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting, and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young Squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the

duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university: this is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europa, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any savour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return; and now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange delight which he took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species, so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them, were most his favourites; if he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs, and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind: their business was to hunt out and display every

thing that had any savour of the above mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters: but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even Virtue and Wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of cur-like disposition, who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fidler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. *Adams* was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground, and thus compleated joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor *Adams* was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. *Adams's* ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. *Adams*, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made

him flow in discovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; tho' we must own it probable, that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which he said were made *ex tempore*. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty.

An *ex tempore* POEM on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view,
His cassock old, his wig not over-new?
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon.*)
But would it not make any mortal stare,
To see this parson taken for a hare.
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whip'd off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of

*) All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin, will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground.

of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the Clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents: he therefore, addressing himself to *Adams* in broken English, told him, he was a man very well made for de dance, and he suppose, by his walk, dat he had learn of some great master. He said, it was ver pretty quality in Clergyman to dance; and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet: telling him, his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner. At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying: „He believed so too; for he had never seen any „man in his life who looked de dance so well as „de gentleman.” He then stepped forward to take *Adams* by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking *Adams*, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. *Adams* being

a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: „Sir, I „am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath „been so bountiful in bestowing his favours, make „so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for tho' „you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible „you have delighted in those that do it, nor have „once discouraged the many rudenesses which „have been shewn towards me; indeed towards „yourself, if you rightly understood them: for I „am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality intitled to your protection. One gentleman hath „thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, „of which I shall only say, that I had rather be „the subject than the composer. He hath been „pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I „apprehend my order is not the object of scorn, „nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be „called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is „mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and

„cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years, as to my cloth. You found me, Sir, travelling with two of my parishioners, (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, wheter it, proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman;) my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, tho' in reality we were well provided: yes, Sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expences in a noble manner.” (At which words he produced the half guinea which was found in the basket.) „I do not shew you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty, (and you see I am not very poor,) the shame doth not ly at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours.” He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, „he was sorry for what had happened: that he could not accuse him of any share

„in it: that the verses were, as himself had well
„observed, so bad, that he might easily answer
„them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly
„a very great affront done him by the dancing-
„master, for which, if he well threshed him, as
„he deserved, he should be very much pleased
„to see it,” (in which probably he spoke truth.)
Adams answered: „Whoever had done it, it was
„not his profession to punish him that way; but
„for the person whom he had accused, I am a wit-
„ness, (says he,) of his innocence; for I had my
„eye on him all the while. Whoever he was,
„God forgive him, and bestow on him a little mo-
„re sense as well as humanity.” The captain an-
swered with a surly look and accent, „that he hoped
„he did not mean to reflect on him; d—n him,
„he had as much *immannity* as another, and if any
„man said he had not, he would convince him of
„his mistake by cutting his throat.” *Adams* smiling,
said: „he believed he had spoke right by accident.”
To which the captain returned: „what do you
„mean by my speaking right? If you was not a
„parson, I would not take these words; but your
„gown protects you. If any man who wears a
„sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the
„nose before this. *Adams* replied: if he attempted
„any rudeness to his person, he would not find
„any protection for himself in his gown;” and,
clenching his fist, declared, „he had threshed
„many a stouter man.” The gentleman did all he
could to encourage this warlike disposition in
Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a

battle: but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than: „It is very well you „are a parson;” and so drinking off a bumper to old mother church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest, but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what *Adams* had said, and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty: and lastly recommended forgiveness of what had pass'd to *Adams*, who immediately answered: „That every „thing was forgiven;” and, in the warmth of his goodness, he filled a bumper of strong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine,) and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that pass'd, as he had a perfect command of his muscles and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said: „there were amusements fitted „for the persons of all ages and degrees, from the „rattle to the discussing a point in philosophy, and „that men discovered themselves in nothing more „than in the choice of their amusements; for „(says he) as it must greatly raise our expectation „of the future conduct in life of boys, whom in

„their tender years we perceive, instead of taw
„or balls, or other childish play-things, to chuse,
„at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in
„contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so
„must it inspire one with equal contempt of a
„man, if we should discover him playing at taw
„or other childish play.” *Adams* highly com-
mended the doctor’s opinion, and said: „he had
„often wondered at some passages in ancient Au-
„thors, where *Scipio*, *Laelius*, and other great
„men, were represented to have passed many hours
„in amusements of the most trifling kind.” The
doctor replied, „he had by him an old Greek ma-
„nuscript, where a favourite diversion of *Socrates*
„was recorded. Ay, says the parson eagerly,
„I should be most infinitely obliged to you for
„the favour of perusing it.” The doctor promi-
sed to send it him: and further said, „that he be-
„lieved he could describe it. I think, (says he)
„as near as I can remember, it was this. There
„was a throne erected, on one side of which sat
„a king, and on the other a queen with their
„guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to
„them was introduced an ambassador, which part
„*Socrates* always used to perform himself; and
„when he was led up to the footsteps of the
„throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in
„some grave speech, full of virtue, and goodness,
„and morality, and such like. After which he
„was seated between the king and queen, and
„royally entertained. This I think was the chief
„part — Perhaps I may have forgot some particu-
„lars; for it is long since I read it.” *Adams* said,

it was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought, something resembling should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which he was informed they trifled away too much of their lives. He added, the Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any *Socrates* could have invented. The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. *Adams* said, and declared, he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening. To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech: „unless (said he, „turning to *Adams* with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man,) you have a sermon about you, Doctor — „Sir, (says *Adams*,) I never travel without one, „for fear of what may happen.” He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor,

who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their Majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its supports at either end, gave way, and soufed *Adams* over head and ears in the water; the captain made his escape, but unlukily the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, *Adams* caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. *Adams*, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick: and having found that, as well as his fellow travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended: for as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

CHAP. VIII.

*Which some readers will think too short,
and others too long.*

Adams, and *Joseph*, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off

Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued, as that *Mr. Adams* might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning *Fanny*, that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing master and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark, in which our friends began their journey; however, they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn, which was at seven miles distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, *Mr. Adams* being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

The inn, which indeed we might call an ale-house, had not the words: *the New Inn*, been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provision than bread and cheese, and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped, than *Adams*, returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had eat his homely commons with much greater satisfaction than his splendid dinner, and

expressed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrificed their hopes of heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth; since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provision. „Very true,” says a grave man, who sat smoking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself; „I have often been as much surprised as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches; since every day’s experience shews us how little is in their power; for what indeed truly desirable can they bestow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint to dress pale ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip disease with the vigour of that young man. Do not riches bring us solitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days, who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish or strengthen our forms, sweeten or prolong our lives? Again — Can they adorn the mind more

„than the body? Do they not rather swell the
„heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride,
„shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our
„bowels to every motive of compassion.” „Give
„me your hand, brother, (said *Adams* in a raptu-
„re); for I suppose you are a Clergyman.” „No
„truly,” answered the other, (indeed he was a
priest of the church of Rome; but those who un-
derstand our laws, will not wonder he was not
over-ready to own it.) „Whatever you are, (cries
„*Adams*), you have spoken my sentiments: I be-
„lieve I have preached every syllable of your
„speech twenty times over: for it hath always ap-
„peared to me easier for a cable rope (which, by
„the way, is the true rendering of that word we
„have translated camel), to go through the eye of
„a needle, than for a rich man to get into the
„kingdom of heaven.” „That, Sir, (said the other),
„will be easily granted you by divines, and is de-
„plorably true: but as the prospect of our good
„at a distance doth not so forcibly affect us, it
„might be of some service to mankind to be made
„thoroughly sensible, which I think they might be
„with very little serious attention, that even the
„blessings of this world are not to be purchased
„with riches. A doctrine, in my opinion, not
„only metaphysically, but, if I may so say, mathe-
„matically demonstrable; and which I have been
„always so perfectly convinced of, that I have a
„contempt for nothing so much as for gold.”
Adams now began a long discourse; but as most
which he said occurs among many Authors who

have treated this subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its continuance *Joseph* and *Fanny* retired to rest, and the host likewise left the room. When the English parson had concluded, the Romish resumed the discourse, which he continued with great bitterness and invective; and at last ended, by desiring *Adams* to lend him eighteen pence to pay his reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his prayers. The good man answered, that eighteen-pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his pockets, but could find no money; for indeed the company with whom he dined, had past one jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

„Bless me, (cried *Adams*), I have certainly lost it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a Christian, I had a whole half guinea in my pocket this morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of it left. Sure the devil must have taken it from me.” „Sir, (answered the priest smiling), you need make no excuses; if you are not willing to lend me the money, I am contented.” „Sir, (cries *Adams*), if I had the greatest sum in the world; ay, if I had ten pounds about me, I would bestow it all to rescue any Christian from distress. I am more vexed at my loss on your account than my own. Was ever any

„thing so unlucky? because I have no money in
„my pocket, I shall be suspected to be no Chri-
„stian.” „I am more unlucky, (quoth the other),
„if you are as generous as you say: for really a
„crown would have made me happy, and con-
„veyed me in plenty to the place I am going,
„which is not above twenty miles off, and where
„I can arrive by to-morrow night. I assure you
„I am not accustomed to travel penniless. I am
„but just arrived in England; and we were forced
„by a storm in our passage to throw all we had
„overboard. I don't suspect but this fellow will
„take my word for the trifle I owe him; but I
„hate to appear so mean as to confess myself with-
„out a shilling to such people; for these, and in-
„deed too many others, know little difference in
„their estimation between a beggar and a thief.”
However, he thought he should deal better with
the host that evening than the next morning; he
therefore resolved to set out immediately, not-
withstanding the darkness; and, accordingly, as
soon as the host returned, he communicated to
him the situation of his affairs; upon which the
host scratching his head, answered: „Why, I do
„not know, master, if it be so, and you have no
„money, I must trust, I think, though I had ra-
„ther always have ready money if I could; but,
„marry, you look like so honest a gentleman, that
„I don't fear your paying me, if it was twenty ti-
„mes as much.” The priest made no reply, but
taking leave of him and *Adams* as fast as he could,
not without confusion, and perhaps with some di-
strust of *Adams's* sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone than the host fell a shaking his head, and declared, if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a single drop of drink; saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again; for he looked like a confounded rogue. „Rabbit the fellow, (cries he), I thought by his talking so much „about riches, that he had a hundred pounds at least in his pocket.” *Adams* chid him for his suspicions, which he said were not becoming a christian; and then, without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAP. IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps in any other authentic history.

It was almost morning, when *Joseph Andrews*, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear *Fanny* had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay. He presently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was asked if there was no travellers in the house; and presently by another voice, if two men and a young woman had not taken up there their lodging that

night. Tho' he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth; for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants of the Squire's house, of his design; and answered in the negative. One of the servants who knew the host well, called out to him by his name, just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question; to which he answered in the affirmative. O ho! said another; have we found you? and ordered the host to come down and open his door. *Fanny*, who was as wakeful as *Joseph*, no sooner heard all this, than she leaped from her bed, and hastily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as fast as possible to *Joseph's* room, who then was almost dress'd: he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the most passionate tenderness, bid her fear nothing, for that he would die in her defence. „Is that a reason why I should not fear, „(said she), when I should lose what is dearer „to me than the whole world?“ *Joseph* then kissing her hand, said, he could almost thank the occasion which had extorted from her a tenderness she would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his bedfellow *Adams*, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many calls from *Joseph*; but was no sooner made sensible of their danger, than he leaped from his bed, without considering the presence of *Fanny*, who hastily turned her face from him and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which, as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence less

pure, or a modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those blushes which were raised in her.

Adams had soon put on all his clothes but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments: and now the house-door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants came in. The captain told the host, that two fellows who were in his house, had run away with a young woman, and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed, and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then inquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when *Joseph* roared out in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain inquired what fire-arms they had; to which the host answered, he believed they had none, nay, he was almost convinced of it: for he had heard one ask the other in the evening, what they should have done if they had been overtaken when they had no arms? To which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist a just cause. This satisfied the captain,

captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down stairs, saying, it was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep. *Adams* in the front, and *Fanny* in the rear. The captain told *Adams*, that if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated; but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young Lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for, notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. *Fanny* bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in the world which she knew of; and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who, she was convinced, would die before they would lose her; which *Adams* confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on,

at the same time endeavouring to pass by *Adams*, in order to lay hold on *Fanny*; but the parson interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dexterous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as *Adams* approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not *Joseph* in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaus could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The up-lifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrate on the floor with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket: the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had *Adams* quite escaped, some of the water having in its passage shed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks; when one of the servants snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him

down; for the parson wrestling the mop from the fellow with one hand, with the other brought his enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face, where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers side, when according to her custom, she began to shew the fickleness of her disposition: for now the host entering the field, or rather the chamber of battle, flew directly at *Joseph*, and darting his head into his stomach, (for he was a stout fellow, and an expert boxer), almost staggered him; but *Joseph* stepping one leg back, did, with his left hand, so chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and *Adams* was coming to the assistance of *Joseph*, but the two serving men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that *Don Quixote* would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again and seeing *Joseph* on the floor, and *Adams* secured,

he instantly laid hold on *Fanny*, and with the assistance of the poet and player, who hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her *Joseph*, and with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse, and the captain mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed, without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he had promised himself from the Squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants, who were ordered to secure *Adams* and *Joseph* as safe as possible, that the Squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor *Fanny*, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied *Adams* to one of the bed-posts, as they did *Joseph* on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them till he had further orders, they departed towards their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into,

CHAP. X.

*A discourse between the poet and the player ;
of no other use in this history, but to
divert the reader.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. *Joseph* and Mr. *Adams* to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage ; who, in the midst of a grave action, entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called a dance. Which piece indeed is therefore danced, and not spoke, at it is delivered to the audience by persons whose thinking-faculty is by most people held to ly in their heels ; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, Nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: „As I was saying,” (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs), „the reason you have no good new plays is evident ; it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, Sir, they will not write without the expectation of fame or profit, or, perhaps, both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow without nourishment ; but, like mushrooms, they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. The muses, like vines, may be pruned, but not with a hatchet.

H. iij

„The town, like a peevish child, knows not what
 „it desires, and is always best pleased with a rattle.
 „A farce-writer hath indeed some chance for suc-
 „cess; but they have lost all taste for the sublime.
 „Though I believe one reason of their depravity
 „is the badness of the actors. If a man writes li-
 „ke an angel, Sir, those fellows know not how
 „to give a sentiment utterance.” „Not so fast!
 „says the player. the modern actors are as good
 „at least as their authors, nay, they come nearer
 „their illustrious predecessors, and I expect a *Booth*
 „on the stage again, sooner than a *Shakespeare* or
 „an *Otway*: and indeed, I may turn your obser-
 „vation against you, and with truth say, that the
 „reason no authors are encouraged, is, because we
 „have no good new plays.” „I have not affirmed
 „the contrary, said the poet, but I am surprised
 „you grow so warm; you cannot imagine your-
 „self interested in this dispute; I hope you have
 „a better opinion of my taste, than to apprehend
 „I squinted at yourself. No, Sir, if we had six
 „such actors as you, we should soon rival the
 „*Bettertons* and *Sandfords* of former times; for,
 „without a compliment to you, I think it impos-
 „sible for any one to have excelled you in most
 „of your parts. Nay, it is a solemn truth, and I
 „have heard many, and all great judges, express as
 „much; and you will pardon me if I tell you, I
 „think every time I have seen you lately, you ha-
 „ve constantly acquired some new excellence, li-
 „ke a snowball. You have deceived me in my
 „estimation of perfection, and have outdone what
 „I thought inimitable.” „You are a little intere-

„sted, answered the player, in what I have said of
„other poets; for d—n me if there are not many
„strokes, ay, whole scenes, in your last tragedy,
„which, at least, equal *Shakespeare*. There is a
„delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in
„it, which I will own, many of our gentlemen
„did not do adequate justice to. To confess the
„truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an author
„who is present at the murder of his works. —
„Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen, retur-
„ned the poet, the works of most modern Au-
„thors, like deadborn children, cannot be murde-
„red. It is such wretched, half-begotten, half-
„writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, groveling stuff,
„that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get
„it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to
„remember, as words in a language you do not
„understand.” „I am sure, said the player, if the
„sentences have little meaning when they are
„writ, when they are spoken they have less. I
„know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right,
„and much less adapts his action to his character.
„I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of figh-
„ting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to
„his enemy with his sword in his hand. — I don’t
„care to abuse my profession, but rot me if, in
„my heart, I am not inclined to the poet’s side.”
„It is rather generous in you than just, said the
„poet, and though I hate to speak ill of any per-
„son’s production, nay, I never do it, nor will —
„but yet, to do justice to the actors, what could
„*Booth* or *Betterton* have made of such horrible

„stuff as *Fenton's Mariamne*, *Frowd's Philotas*,
 „or *Mallet's Eurydice*, or those low, dirty, last
 „dying speeches, which a fellow in the city, or
 „*Wapping*. your *Dillo* or *Lillo*, what was his na-
 „me, called 'Tragedies?' — „Very well, says
 „the player, and pray what do you think of such
 „fellows as *Quin* and *Delane*, or that face-making
 „puppy young *Gibber*, that ill-look'd dog *Mack-*
 „*lin*, or that saucy slut Mrs. *Clive*? What work
 „would they make with your *Shakespears*, *Otways*
 „and *Lees*? How would those harmonious lines
 „of the last come from their tongues?

„—— No more; for I disdain

„All pomp when thou art by — far be the
 noise

„Of kings and crowns from us, whose gentle
 souls

„Our kinder fates have steer'd another way.

„Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,

„Without rememb'ring who our fathers were:

„Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,

„There in soft murmurs interchange our souls,

„Together drink the crystal of the stream,

„Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields.

„And when the golden evening calls us home,

„Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till morn.

„Or how would this disdain of *Otway*?

„Who'd be that foolish, sordid thing, call'd man?"

„Hold, hold, hold, said the poet, do repeat

„that tender speech in the third act of my play

„which you made such a figure in." — „I would

„willingly, said the player, but I have forgot

„it.” — „Ay, you was not quite perfect enough
„in it when you played it, cries the poet, or you
„would have had such an applause as was never
„given on the stage; an applause I was extremely
„concerned for your losing.” — „Sure,” says the
player, „if I remember, that was his’d, more than
„any passage in the whole play. — Ay, your spea-
„king it was his’d, said the poet. My speaking
„it! said the player, — I mean your not speaking
„it, said the poet. — You was out, and then they
„his’d. — They his’d, and then I was out, if I
„remember, answered the player; and I must say
„this for myself, that the whole audience allow’d
„I did your part justice: so don’t lay the damnation
„of your play to my account. I don’t know what
„you mean by damnation, replied the poet. Why,
„you know it was acted but one night, cried the
„player. No, said the poet, you and the whole
„town were my enemies, the pit were all my ene-
„mies, fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear
„of hanging did not restrain them. All tailors,
„Sir, all tailors. — Why should the tailors be so
„angry with you? cries the player. I suppose you
„don’t employ so many in making your clothes.
„I admit your jest, answered the poet: but you
„remember the affair as well as myself; you know
„there was a party in the pit and upper-gallery, that
„would not suffer it to be given out again; though
„much, ay, infinitely the majority, all the boxes in
„particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the
„ladies swore they never would come to the house
„till it was acted again, — Indeed, I must own

„their policy was good, in not letting it be given
 „out a second time; for the rascals knew if it had
 „gone a second night, it would have run fifty: for
 „if ever there was distress in a tragedy — I am not
 „fond of my own performance: but if I should
 „tell you what the best judges said of it, — Nor
 „was it entirely owing to my enemies neither, that
 „it did not succeed on the stage as well as it hath
 „since among the polite readers; for you can't say
 „it had justice done by the performers. — I
 „think, (answered the player,) the performers did
 „the distress of it justice: for I am sure we were
 „in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges
 „all the last act; we all imagined it would have
 „been the last act of our lives.”

The poet, whose fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to their discourse by an accident; which, if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matters in the whole book, being a discourse between Parson *Abraham Adams* and Mr. *Joseph Andrews*.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the exhortations of Parson Adams to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

*J*oseph no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss

with groans, which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition, not unlike flint in its hardness, and other properties; for you may strike fire from them, which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition; and, at those words: „O my „dear *Fanny*! O my love! shall I never, never „see thee more?“ his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become any but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related. —

Mr. *Adams*, after many groans, sitting with his back to *Joseph*, began thus in a sorrowful tone: „You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for „when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must „require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them; but it is the business of a „man and a Christian, to summon reason as quickly „as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach „him patience and submission. Be comforted therefore, child, I say, be comforted. It is true you „have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest „young woman, one with whom you might have „expected to have lived in happiness, virtue and „innocence; by whom you might have promised „yourself many little darlings, who would have „been the delight of your youth, and the comfort „of your age. You have not only lost her, but „have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust

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„and power can inflict upon her. Now, indeed,
 „you may easily raise ideas of horror, which might
 „drive you to despair. — O I shall run mad,
 „(cries *Joseph* :) O that I could but command my
 „hands to tear my eyes out, and my flesh off. —
 „If you would use them to such purposes, I am
 „glad you can't, (answered *Adams*.) I have sta-
 „ted your misfortune as strong as I possibly can;
 „but, on the other side, you are to consider you
 „are a Christian; that no accident happens to us
 „without the divine permission, and that it is the
 „duty of a man and a Christian to submit. We did
 „not make ourselves; but the same power which
 „made us, rules over us, and we are absolutely
 „at his disposal: he may do with us what he plea-
 „ses, nor have we any right to complain. A se-
 „cond reason against our complaint is our ignoran-
 „ce; for as we know not future events, so neither
 „can we tell to what purpose any accident tends;
 „and that which at first threatens us with evil, may,
 „in the end, produce our good. I should indeed
 „have said our ignorance is twofold, (but I have
 „not at present time to divide properly,) for as we
 „know not to what purpose any event is ultimate-
 „ly directed, so neither can we affirm from what
 „cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and
 „consequently a sinner; and this may be a pu-
 „nishment to you for your sins; indeed in this
 „sense it may be esteemed as a good, yea, as the
 „greatest good, which satisfies the anger of Hea-
 „ven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue
 „without our destruction. Thirdly, our impo-

„tency of relieving ourselves, demonstrates the
„folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom
„do we resist? or against whom do we complain,
„but a Power, from whose shafts no armour can
„guard us, no speed can fly; a Power which lea-
„ves us no hope but in submission? — O Sir,
„(cried *Joseph*;) all this is very true, and very
„fine, and I could hear you all day, if I was not
„so grieved at heart as now I am. Would you
„take physic, (says *Adams*;) when you are well,
„and refuse it when you are sick? Is not comfort
„to be administred to the afflicted, and not to those
„who rejoice, or those who are at ease: — O you
„have not spoken one word of comfort to me
„yet, returned *Joseph*. No! (cried *Adams*;) What
„am I then doing? what can I say to comfort
„you? — O tell me, (cries *Joseph*;) that *Fanny*
„will escape back to my arms, that they shall again
„inclose that lovely creature, with all her sweet-
„ness, all her untainted innocence about her. —
„Why, perhaps, you may, (cries *Adams*;) but I
„can't promise you what's to come. You must
„with perfect resignation wait the event; if she
„be restored to you again, it is your duty to be
„thankful, and so it is if she be not. *Joseph*, if
„you are wise, and truly know your own interest,
„you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the
„dispensations of Providence, being thoroughly as-
„sured, that all the misfortunes, how great soever,
„which happen to the righteous, happen to them
„for their own good. — Nay, it is not your in-
„terest only, but your duty to abstain from immo-

„derate grief; which, if you indulge, you are not „worthy the name of a Christian.” He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual; upon which *Joseph* begged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him, if he thought he denied it was his duty; for he had known that long ago. „What signifies knowing your duty, if you do „not perform it? answered *Adams*. Your know- „ledge increases your guilt. — O *Joseph*, I never „thought you had this stubbornness in your mind. „*Joseph* replied: He fancied he misunderstood „him, which I assure you, (says he,) you do, if you „imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I „don’t.” *Adams* rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from *Seneca*, and the *Consolation*, which, though it was not *Cicero’s*, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief, in this case, might incense that Power which alone could restore him his *Fanny*. This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies: but when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could *Adams* in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf, whether *Socrates* himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some time in silence; and groans and sighs issued from them both; at length *Joseph* burst out in the following soliloquy:

Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
But I must also feel them as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me. —

Adams asked him what stuff that was he repeated? — To which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play: — „Ay, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays, replied he. — I never heard of any plays fit for a Christian to read, but *Caro* and the *Conscious Lovers*; and I must own, in the latter, there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.” But we shall now leave them a little, and inquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAP. XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprise the reader.

Neither the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of *Mr. Adams*, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor *Fanny*, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall therefore now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and

innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the Squire's house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and intreaties on the road, but accosted her ears with impurities, which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed his note, and attempted to sooth and mollify her, by setting forth the splendor and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her, he doubted not but she would soon look kinder upon him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance only could make her fond of. She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. „Are you affronted, „Madam, (says he,) at my calling him so? but „what better can be said of one in livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?“ She returned, that she did not understand him, that the man had been her fellow-servant, and, she believed, was as honest a creature as any alive; but as to her fondness for men — „I warrant ye, (cries the „captain,) we shall find means to persuade you to „be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle „ones;

„ones; for you may be assured that it is not in „your power, by any struggles whatever, to pre- „serve your virginity two hours longer. It will be „your interest to consent, for the squire will be „much kinder to you, if he enjoys you willingly „than by force.” At which words she began to call aloud for assistance (for it was now open day;) but finding none, she lifted her eyes up to heaven, and supplicated the divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch, perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and sighing out the name of *Joseph! Joseph!* a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained; however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him, with the utmost earnestness, to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopt at these words: but the captain assured him, it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer: which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too,) that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them.

She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other: — „That's a charming wench „Jack; I wish I had been in the fellow's place! „whoever he is.” But the other, instead of answering him, cried out eagerly: „Zounds, I know „her:” and then turning to her, said: „Sure, you „are not *Fanny Goodwill*. — Indeed, indeed I am, „she cried. — O *John*, I know you now — „Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying „me away for his vile purposes. — O for God's „sake rescue me from him.” A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape; in which, however, he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot, ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by *Fanny*, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took *Fanny* into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated *Mr. Peter Pounce*, and who preceded the *Lady Booby* only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning) was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than any thing, besides his own money, or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as *Fanny* was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time when the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and *Adams* and *Joseph* were discoursing back to back above; just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot stopt at the door, and in an instant *Fanny* leaping from it, ran up to her *Joseph*. — O reader, conceive, if thou canst, the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by *Fanny* of the presence of *Adams*, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as *Peter* was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom *Mr. Adams* never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence *Mr. Adams* was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, to prevent his going to gaol, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of *Adams*; he had risen in such a hurry, that he had

on neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock, and his great coat; but as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his great coat; so did a small stripe of white, or rather whitish linen, appear below that, to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt beard served to retain the liquor of the stone-pot, and that of a blacker hue which distill'd from the mop. — This figure, which *Fanny* had delivered from his captivity, was no sooner spied by *Peter*, than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no sooner saw the captain in captivity, than they began to consider of their own safety, of which flight presented itself as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horse, and made the most expeditious retreat in their power.

The host, who well knew Mr. *Pounce*, and Lady *Booby's* livery, was not a little surpris'd at this change of the scene, nor was his confusion much helped by his wife, who was now just risen, and having heard from him the account of what had pass'd, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; ask'd him why he did not consult her; and told him, he would never leave following the nonsensical dictates of his own numskull, till she and her family were ruined.

Joseph being informed of the captain's arrival, and seeing his *Fanny* now in safety, quitted her a moment, and, running down stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refused, saying, he did not understand boxing. He then grasped a cudgel in one hand, and catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a most severe drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now had some revenge for what his dear *Fanny* had suffered.

When Mr. *Pounce* had a little regaled himself with some provisions which he had in his chariot, and Mr. *Adams* had put on the best appearance his clothes would allow him, *Pounce* ordered the captain into his presence; for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him: but the servants (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied) being sufficiently contended with the drubbing which *Joseph* had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against *Joseph*, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr. *Pounce*, and with a thousand curtsies told him, she hoped his honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, she should be very willing of it: for because as why, his worship very well knew he deserved it: but she had three poor small

children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to gaol, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor, weak woman, continually a breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped, his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that blockhead of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time. She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not *Peter* stopt her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband, nor her neither. So, as *Adams* and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curtsied out of the room.

Mr. *Pounce* was desirous that *Fanny* should continue her journey with him in the chariot; but she absolutely refused, saying she would ride behind *Joseph*, on a horse which one of *Lady Booby's* servants had equipped him with. But alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr. *Adams* had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed whatever horse they had provided for *Joseph*, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no not even to ride before his beloved *Fanny*, till the parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his friend of the beast which belonged to him, and

which he knew the moment he saw, though *Adams* did not; however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horse with them which he had left behind, he answered — Bless me! and so I did.

Adams was very desirous that *Joseph* and *Fanny* should mount this horse, and declared he could very easily walk home. „If I walked alone, says he, I would wager a shilling, that the pedestrian „outstripped the equestrian travellers: but as I intend to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may be an hour later.” One of the servants whispered *Joseph* to take him at his word, and suffer the old put to walk if he would: this proposal was answered with an angry look and a peremptory refusal by *Joseph*, who catching *Fanny* up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. *Adams*'s horse, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen, or two ladies quickly decided, tho' they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not therefore conclude hence, that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good *Peter Pounce* put a stop to it; for finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying

his old appetite with *Fanny*, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by *Adams*, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said, he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition. All matters being now settled, the chariot in which rode *Adams* and *Pounce*, moved forwards; and *Joseph* having borrowed a pillion from the host, *Fanny* had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c. discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore-legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards; nor could *Joseph*, with all his skill in horsemanship, persuade him to advance; but without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations, that had not one of the men come in immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses: and then *Fanny* being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured, and somewhat a better fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march: and the whole

procession set forwards for *Booby-hall*, where they arrived in a few hours, without any thing remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward; which, to use the language of a late apologist, a pattern to all biographers, „wait for the „reader in the next chapter.”

CHAP. XIII.

A curious dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the words of Colley Cibber and many others.

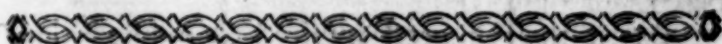
THE chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed it was a very fine day. „Ay, „and a very fine country too,” answered Pounce. „I should think so more, returned Adams, if I „had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I „take to exceed this and all other prospects in the „universe.” „A fig for prospects, answered Pounce, one acre here is worth ten there; and, for my „own part, I have no delight in the prospect of „any land but my own.” „Sir, said Adams, you „can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of „that kind.” „I thank God I have a little, replied „the other, with which I am content, and envy „no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which „I do as much good as I can.” Adams answered,

that riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others. „You and I, said *Peter*, have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word; nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality: though I would not infer many parsons have it neither.” Sir, said *Adams*, my definition of charity is a generous disposition to relieve the distressed.” There is something in that definition, answered *Peter*, which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition, — and does not so much consist in the act, as in the disposition to do it; but alas, Mr. *Adams*, who are meant by the distressed! Believe me, the distressed of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them.” „Sure, Sir, replied *Adams*, hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils.” „How can any man complain of hunger, said *Peter*, in a country where such excellent fallads are to be gathered in almost every field? or of thirst where every river and stream produces such delicious potations? and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them; but these are things, perhaps, which you who do not know the world” — „You will pardon me,

„Sir, returned *Adams*, I have read of the Gymnosophists.” „A plague of your *Jephosophats*, cried „*Peter*, the greatest fault in our constitution „is the provision made for the poor, except that „perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not „an estate which doth not contribute almost as „much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I „do assure you, I expect to come myself to the parish in the end.” To which *Adams* giving a dissenting smile, *Peter* thus preceeded: „I fancy, „Mr. *Adams*, you are one of those who imagine „I am a lump of money; for there are many „who, I fancy, believe, that not only my pockets, „but my whole clothes are lined with bank-bills; „but I assure you, you are all mistaken: I am not „the man the world esteems me. If I can hold „my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will „find my affairs in a worse situation than they are „reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish „I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, „my good neighbour, where should I have that „quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow upon me? where could I possibly, without „I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?” „Why, „truly, says *Adams*, I have been always of your „opinion; I have wondered, as well as yourself, „with what confidence they could report such „things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities: for you know, Sir, and I have „often heard you say it; that your wealth is of

„your own acquisition; and can it be credible
 „that in your short time you should have amassed
 „such a heap of treasure as these people will have
 „you worth? Indeed had you inherited an estate
 „like Sir *Thomas Booby*, which had descended in
 „your family for many generations, they might
 „have had a colour for their assertions.” „Why,
 „what do they say I am worth?” cries *Peter* with
 „a malicious sneer. „Sir, answered *Adams*, I ha-
 „ve heard some aver you are not worth less than
 „twenty thousand pounds.” At which *Peter* frow-
 ned. „Nay, Sir, said *Adams*, you ask me only
 „the opinion of others; for my own part, I have
 „always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could
 „possibly be worth half that sum.” „However,
 „Mr. *Adams*, said he, squeezing him by the hand,
 „I would not sell them all that I am worth for
 „double that sum: and as to what you believe, or
 „they believe, I care not a fig, no not a far. I
 „am not poor, because you think me so, nor be-
 „cause you attempt to undervalue me in the
 „country. I know the envy of mankind very
 „well, but I thank Heaven I am above them. It
 „is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I
 „have not an estate like Sir *Thomas Booby*, that
 „hath descended in my family through many ge-
 „nerations: but I know heirs of such estates who
 „are forced to travel about the country, like some
 „people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to
 „accept of a pitiful curacy, for what I know. Yes,
 „Sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man
 „of my figure, without that vice of good nature

„about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with „him.” „Sir, said *Adams*, I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the „world’s end on foot, ere I would have accepted „a place in it. However, Sir, I will soon rid „you of that inconvenience;” and so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leapt out into the high-way, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which however Mr. *Pounce* threw after him with great violence. *Joseph* and *Fanny* stopt to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.



B O O K IV.

CHAP. I.

*The arrival of Lady Booby and the rest
at Booby-hall.*

The coach and six, in which Lady *Booby* rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the parish. She no sooner saw *Joseph* than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprise almost stopt her coach, but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the parish

amidst the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to see their patroness returned after so long an absence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their impoverishing: for if the court would be severely missed in such a city as London, how much more must the absence of a person of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds a constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor, are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a visible effect on their benefactor's pockets?

But if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection, which they bore Parson *Adams*, operate upon all who beheld his return? They flocked about him, like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, inquired heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations, and expressed a satisfaction in his face, which nothing but benevolence, made happy by its objects, could infuse.

Nor did *Joseph* and *Fanny* want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide; where we shall leave them enjoying such perfect happiness over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendor, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of *Lady Booby* on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismissal of *Joseph*; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right; the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined, nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love; that departed with his person, but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless, interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams were her portion the first night. In the morning Fancy painted her a more delicious scene, but to delude, not to delight her; for, before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real *Joseph* had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture, rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she

imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to every thing, but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex, or that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself, and *Joseph* appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him: but pride forbade that; pride, which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was so fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of *Joseph* had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour: every thing but dislike of her person; a thought, which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise: revenge came
now

now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him strip'd, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate, and with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dressed him.

Mrs. *Slipshod* being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked, if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. *Slipshod* answered, She had told her ladyship so, (as indeed she had). — „And how did he behave?” replied the Lady. „Truly, Madam, (cries *Slipshod*), in such a manner as infected every body who saw him. The „poor lad had but little wages to receive; for he „constantly allowed his father and mother half his „income; so that when your Lordship's livery „was strip'd off, he had not wherewithal to buy a „coat, and must have gone naked, if one of the „footmen had not *incommodated* him with one: „and whilst he was standing in his shirt, (and to „say truth, he was an *amorous* figure), being told „your Ladyship would not give him a character, „he sighed, and said, he had done nothing willingly to offend; that for his part he should always give your Ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you, for you was the best of Ladies, though his

„enemies had set you against him. I wish you
 „had not turned him away; for I believe you ha-
 „ve not a faithfuller servant in the house.” —
 „How came you then, (replied the Lady), to ad-
 „vise me to turn him away?” „I, Madam, (said
 „*Slipslop*), I am sure you will do me the justice
 „to say, I did all in my power to prevent it; but
 „I saw your Ladyship was angry, and it is not the
 „business of us upper servants to interfere in the-
 „se occasions.” — „And was it not you, auda-
 „cious wretch! (cried the Lady), who made me
 „angry? Was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I
 „believe you belied the poor fellow, which in-
 „censed me against him? He may thank you for
 „all that hath happened; and so may I for
 „the loss of a good servant, and one who pro-
 „bably had more merit than all of you. Poor
 „fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his
 „parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but
 „suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without
 „a character? I see the reason of your whole be-
 „haviour now, as well as your complaint; you
 „was jealous of the wenches.” „I jealous! (said
 „*Slipslop*), I assure you I look upon myself as his
 „betters; I am not *meat* for a footman I hope.”
 These words threw the Lady into a violent pas-
 sion, and she sent *Slipslop* from her presence,
 who departed tossing her nose, and crying: „Mar-
 „ry come up! there are some people more jea-
 „lous than I, I believe.” Her Lady affected not
 to hear these words, though in reality she did, and
 understood them too. Now ensued a second con-

list, so like the former, that it might favour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say, that Lady *Booby* found good reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion, as she had flattered herself; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. *Slipslop*, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with; lately, that of Mr. *Pounce*, her forerunners, and lastly, that of the Lady herself.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprise of every body, who wondered to see her Ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. *Joseph* was likewise there; and I heard it was remarked, that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended, Mr. *Adams* stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced: „I publish the banns of marriage between „*Joseph Andrews* and *Frances Goodwill*, both of „this parish,” &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady *Booby* or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover; but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women sat, and persisted in looking that way

during the remainder of the sermon, in so scrutinizing a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid, she was offended at them.

The moment she returned home, she sent for *Slipslop* into her chamber, and told her, she wondered what that impudent fellow *Joseph* did in that parish? Upon which *Slipslop* gave her an account of her meeting *Adams* with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with *Fanny*. At the relation of which the Lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr. *Adams* into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams and the Lady Booby.

Mrs. *Adams* was not far off; for he was drinking her Ladyship's health below in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her, than she began in the following manner: „I wonder, Sir, „after the many great obligations you have had to „this family,” (with all which the reader hath, in the course of this history, been minutely acquainted), „that you will ungratefully shew any respect „to a fellow who hath been turned out of it for „his misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, Sir, „become a man of your character, to run about

„the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her: „*Slipshod* tells me, she was formerly bred up in „my house, and behaved as she ought, till she „hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. „Nay, she may still, perhaps, do very well, if he „will let her alone. You are therefore doing a „monstrous thing, in endeavouring to procure a „match between these two people, which will be „to the ruin of them both.” — „Madam, (says „*Adams*), if your Ladyship will but hear me „speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr. „*Joseph Andrews*; if I had, I should have corrected him for it; for I never have, nor will encourage the faults of those under my cure. As „for the young woman, I assure your Ladyship, I „have as good an opinion of her as your Ladyship „yourself, or any other can have. She is the „sweetest-tempered, honestest, worthiest young „creature; indeed, as to her beauty, I do not „comment her on that account, though all men „allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or „simple, that ever appeared in the parish.” „You „are very impertinent, (says she), to talk such „sulfome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming, truly, in a Clergyman to trouble himself about handsome women, and you are a delicate judge of „beauty, no doubt! A man who hath lived all his „life in such a parish as this, is a rare judge of „beauty. Ridiculous! Beauty indeed! — a country wench a beauty! — I shall be sick when-

„ever I hear beauty mentioned again. — And so
„this wench is to stock the parish with beauties,
„I hope — But, Sir, our poor is numerous enough
„already; I will have no more vagabonds settled
„here.” „Madam, (says *Adams*), your Ladyship
„is offended with me, I protest, without any rea-
„son. This couple were desirous to consummate
„long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I
„may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cau-
„se of their delaying it.” „Well, (says he,) and
„you did very wisely and honestly, too, notwith-
„standing she is the greatest beauty in the parish.”
— „And now, Madam, (continued he), I only
„perform my office to Mr. *Joseph*.” — „Pray,
„don't mister such fellows to me,” cries the Lady,
„He, said the parson, with the consent of *Fanny*,
„before my face, put in the banns.” „Yes, (an-
„swered the Lady), I suppose the slut is forward
„enough: *Slipslop* tells me how her head runs
„upon fellows: that is one of her beauties, I sup-
„pose. But if they have put in the banns, I desi-
„re you will publish them no more without my
„orders.” „Madam, (cries *Adams*), if any one
„puts in sufficient caution, and assigns a proper
„reason against them, I am willing to surcease.”
„I tell you a reason, (says she), he is a vagabond,
„and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of
„beggars into the parish; it will make us but little
„amends that they will be beauties.” „Madam,
„(answered *Adams*), with the utmost submission
„to your Ladyship, I have been informed by Law-
„yer *Scout*, that any person who serves a year,

„gains a settlement in the parish where he serves.” „Lawyer Scout, (replied the Lady), is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no Lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us: so I desire you will proceed no farther.” „Madam, (returned Adams), I would obey your Ladyship in every thing that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law. The poor have little share enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the common privileges and innocent enjoyments which Nature indulges to the animal creation.” „Since you understand yourself no better, (cries the Lady), nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word; it is my orders to you, that you publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master, the Doctor, to discard you from his service: I will, Sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together.” „Madam, (answered Adams), I know not what your Ladyship means by the terms master and service. I am in the service of a master, who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the Doctor (for indeed, I have never been able to pay for a licence), thinks proper to

„turn me from my cure, God will provide me,
 „I hope, another: at least, my family, as well as
 „myself, have hands; and he will prosper, I doubt
 „not, our endeavours to get our bread honestly
 „with them. Whilst my conscience is pure, I
 „shall never fear what man can do unto me” —
 „I contemn my humility, (said the Lady), for de-
 „meaning myself to converse with you so long;
 „I shall take other measures; for I see you are a
 „confederate with them. But the sooner you lea-
 „ve me the better; and I shall give orders that
 „my doors may no longer be open to you. I
 „will suffer no parsons who run about the coun-
 „try with beauties to be entertained here.” „Ma-
 „dam, (said *Adams*), I shall enter into no per-
 „son's doors against their will; but I am assured,
 „when you have inquired farther into this mat-
 „ter, you will applaud, not blame my procee-
 „ding; and so I humbly take my leave:” which
 he did with many bows, or at least many attempts
 at a bow.

CHAP. III.

*What passed between the Lady and Lawyer
 Scout.*

On the afternoon the Lady sent for Mr. *Scout*,
 whom she attacked most violently for intermed-
 dling with her servants; which he denied, and in-
 deed with truth; for he had only asserted acciden-
 tally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gai-

ned a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson, and believed it was law. „I am resolved, (said the lady,) to „have no discarded servants of mine settled here; „and so, if this be your law, I shall send to another lawyer.” *Scout* said: if she sent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmost that was in the power of a lawyer, was to prevent the law’s taking effect; and that he himself could do for her ladyship as well as any other: „and I believe, (says he,) Madam, „your Ladyship not being conversant in these matters, hath mistaken a difference; for I asserted „only, that a man who served a year was settled. „Now there is a material difference between being „settled in law, and settled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and law is preferable to fact, my settlement must be understood „in law, and not in fact. And suppose, Madam, „we admit he was settled in law, what use will they „make of it? how doth that relate to fact? He is „not settled in fact; and if he be not settled in „fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an „inhabitant, he is not of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be published here: for „Mr. *Adams* hath told me your Ladyship’s pleasure, and the reason, which is a very good one, „to prevent burdening us with the poor: we have „too many already; and I think we ought to have „an act to hang or transport half of them. If we „can prove, in evidence, that he is not settled in

„fact, it is another matter. What I said to Mr.
 „*Adams*, was on a supposition that he was settled
 „in fact; and indeed, if that was the case, I should
 „doubt. — Don't tell me your facts and your ifs,
 „(said the lady,) I don't understand your gibbe-
 „rish: you take too much upon you, and are very
 „impertinent in pretending to direct in this parish;
 „and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you
 „shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she
 „shall not settle here; I will not suffer such beau-
 „ties as these to produce children for us to keep. —
 „Beauties indeed! your Ladyship is pleased to be
 „merry, answered *Scout*. — Mr. *Adams* descri-
 „bed her so to me, said the Lady. — Pray what
 „sort of dowdy is it, Mr. *Scout*? — The ugliest
 „creature almost I ever beheld, a poor dirty drab,
 „your Ladyship never saw such a wretch. — Well,
 „but dear Mr. *Scout*, let her be what she will, —
 „these ugly women will bring children, you know;
 „so that we must prevent the marriage. — True,
 „Madam, (replied *Scout*,) for the subsequent mar-
 „riage co-operating with the law, will carry law
 „into fact. When a man is married, he is settled
 „in fact; and then he is not removeable. I will
 „see Mr. *Adams*, and I make no doubt of prevail-
 „ling with him. His only objection is, doubtless,
 „that he shall lose his fee; but that being once
 „made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no far-
 „ther objection will remain. No, no, it is impos-
 „sible: but your Ladyship can't discommitt his
 „unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man
 „ought to have a proper value for his fee, as to

„the matter in question, if your Ladyship please
„to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you
„succels. The laws of this land are not so vul-
„gar, as to permit a mean fellow to contend with
„one of your Ladyship's fortune. We have one
„sure card, which is to carry him before Justice
„Frolic, who, upon hearing your Ladyship's na-
„me, will commit him without any farther que-
„stions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have no-
„thing to do with her; for if we get rid of the
„fellow, the ugly jade will — Take what mea-
„sures you please, good Mr. Scout, (answered the
„Lady,) but I wish you could rid the parish of
„both; for *Slipshod* tells me such stories of this
„wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and
„though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you
„know, dear Mr. Scout, these forward creatures
„who run after men, will always find some as for-
„ward as themselves: so that, to prevent the in-
„crease of beggars, we must get rid of her. —
„Your Ladyship is very much in the right, (an-
„swered Scout,) but I am afraid the law is a little
„deficient in giving us any such power of preven-
„tion; however, the justice will stretch it as far
„as he is able, to oblige your Ladyship. To say
„truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he
„is in the commission: for he hath taken several
„poor off our hands that the law would never lay
„hold on. I know some justices who make as
„much of committing a man to *Bridewell*, as his
„Lordship at 'size would of hanging him; but it
„would do a man good to see his worship, our ju-

„stice, to commit a fellow to *Bridewell*; he takes „so much pleasure in it; and when once we ha’ „un there; we seldom hear any more o’ un. He „is either starved or eat up by vermin in a month’s „time.” — Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation; and Mr. *Scout* having undertaken the cause, and promised success, departed.

This *Scout* was one of those fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the pests of society, and a scandal to a profession to which indeed they do not belong; and which owes to such kind of rascallions the ill will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for *Joseph*, and the jealousy and disdain of poor innocent *Fanny*, betray the Lady *Booby* into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints, with which *Slip-slop*, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe falsehoods of little *Fanny*, which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAP. IV.

A short chapter, but very full of matter; particularly the arrival of Mr. Booby and his Lady.

All that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the banns again, with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met *Slipslop*, who accosted her in these words: — „O Meam, „what doth your Ladyship think? To be sure Ladyer *Scour* hath carried *Joseph* and *Fanny* both „before the Justice. All the parish are in tears, „and say they will be hanged; for no body knows „what it is for. — I suppose they deserve it, (says „the Lady.) What dost thou mention such wretches „to me? O dear Madam, (answered *Slipslop*,) is „it not a pity such a *graceless* young man should

„die a *virulent* death? I hope the judge will take
 „*commensuration* on his youth. As for *Fanny*, I
 „don't think it signifies much what becomes of her:
 „and if poor *Joseph* hath done any thing, I could
 „venture to swear she *traduced* him to it. Few
 „men ever come to a *fragrant* punishment, but by
 „those nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our
 „*sect*.” The lady was no more pleased at this
 news, after a moment's reflection, than *Slipshod*
 herself: for though she wished *Fanny* far enough,
 she did not desire the removal of *Joseph*, especial-
 ly with her. She was puzzled how to act, or
 what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six
 drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her
 with the arrival of her nephew *Booby* and his lady.
 She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-
 room, whether she presently repaired, having
 composed her countenance as well as she could;
 and being a little satisfied that the wedding would
 by these means be at least interrupted, and that
 she should have an opportunity to execute any re-
 solution she might take, for which she saw her-
 self provided with an excellent instrument in
Scour.

The Lady *Booby* apprehended her servant had
 made a mistake, when he mentioned Mr. *Booby's*
 lady; for she had never heard of his marriage;
 but how great was her surprise, when, at her ente-
 ring the room, her nephew presented his wife to
 her, saying: „Madam, this is that charming *Pame-
 „la*, of whom I am convinced you have heard so
 „much.” The lady received her with more civi-

lity than he expected; indeed with the utmost; for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good-breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr. *Booby*, who presently told the ladies he must desert them a little on some business of consequence; and as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will leave them for a while to attend Mr. *Booby*.

CHAP. V.

Containing justice-business: curious precedents of depositions, and other matters necessary to be perused by all justices of the peace and their clerks.

The young squire and his lady were no sooner alighted from their coach, than the servants began to inquire after Mr. *Joseph*, from whom they said their Lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left Lady *Booby's*. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his *Pamela* her brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

The justice before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr. *Booby's* acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood, Or-

dering therefore his horses to his coach, he set out for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his Worship would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to *Bridewell* first. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first compliments being passed between the Squire and his Worship, the former asked the latter, what crime those two young people had been guilty of. „No great crime, answered the justice. I have only ordered them to „*Bridewell* for a month. But what is their crime? repeated the Squire. Larceny, an't please „your Honour, says *Scout*. Ay, says the justice, „a kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I „must order them a little correction too, a little „stripping and whipping.” (Poor *Fanny*, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of *Joseph's* company, trembled at that sound; but indeed without reason, for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) „Still, said the Squire, I am ignorant of the crime, „the fact I mean. Why there it is in peaper,” answered the justice, shewing him a deposition, which, in the absence of his clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have, with great difficulty, procured an authentic copy: and here it follows *verbatim & literatim*.

The

The deposition of *James Scout* layer, and *Thomas Trotter* yeoman, taken before mee, on of his Majesty's justasses of the place for Zumerfets hire.

These deponants saith, and first *Thomas Trotter* for himself saith, that on the of this instant October, being Sabbath-day, betwin the ours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed *Joseph Andrews* and *Francis Goodwill* walk akrofs a certane felde belunging to *Lawyer Scout*, and out of the path which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede *Joseph Andrews* with a nife cut one hassel-twig, of the value, as he believes, of 3 half-pence, or thereabouts; and he saith, that the said *Francis Goodwill* was likewise walking on the grafs out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was cumfartting, eading and abating to the said *Joseph* therein. And the said *James Scout* for himself says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig, &c."

"Jesu! said the Squire, would you commit two persons to *Bridewell* for a twig? Yes, said the laywer, and with great lenity too; for if he had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged. — Harkee, (says the justice, taking aside the Squire,) I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but Lady *Booby* desires to get them out of the parish: so *Lawyer Scout* will give the constable orders to let them run away,

„if they please; but it seems they intend to marry
„together, and the Lady hath no other means, as
„they are legally settled there, to prevent their
„bringing an incumbrance on her own parish.
„Well, (said the Squire,) I will take care my aunt
„shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I
„promise you, *Joseph* here shall never be any in-
„cumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you there-
„fore, if instead *Bridewell* you will commit them
„to my custody. — O, to be sure, Sir, if you de-
„sire it,” answered the justice: and without more
ado, *Joseph* and *Fanny* were delivered over to
Squire *Booby*, whom *Joseph* very well knew, but
little guessed how nearly he was related to him.
The justice burnt his *mittimus*; the constable was
sent about his business; the lawyer made no com-
plaint for the want of justice; and the prisoners,
with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to
his honour Mr. *Booby*, who did not intend their
obligations to him should cease here; for ordering
his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had cau-
sed to be brought from Lady *Booby*’s on purpose,
he desired the justice that he might have *Joseph*
with him into a room; where, ordering his ser-
vant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with li-
nen and other necessaries, he left *Joseph* to dress
himself, who, not yet knowing the cause of all this
civility, excused his accepting such a favour, as long
as decently he could. Whilst *Joseph* was dressing,
the Squire repaired to the justice, whom he found
talking with *Fanny*; for, during the examination,
she had flopped her hat over her eyes, which we-

re also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his Worship what might, perhaps, have rendered the arrival of Mr. *Booby* unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining thro' her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of *Bridewell* for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had *Fanny* in her place. And, conceiving almost at the same instant desires, and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes, while the Squire was absent with *Joseph*, in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since Lady *Booby* was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection; adding, that he would take *Joseph* and her into his own family, if she liked it; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said: She would acquaint *Joseph* with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; for that Lady *Booby* was angry with them both; though she did not know either had done any thing to offend her; but imputed it to Madam *Slipslop*, who had always been her enemy.

The Squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the justice, out of a pretended respect to his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival, (for he

knew nothing of his marriage,) ordered *Fanny* into the kitchen whither she gladly retired; nor did the Squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the conversation between these two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. *Joseph* was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same: and as this suit, which was rather too large for the Squire, exactly fitted him; so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my Lord —, or Sir —, or Mr. — appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those clothes home on his back, which he should have carried under his arm.

The Squire now took leave of the justice, and calling for *Fanny*, made her and *Joseph*, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady *Baoby's*. — It had moved a few yards only, when the Squire asked *Joseph*, if he knew who that man was crossing the field? „for,” added he, „I never saw one take „such strides before.” *Joseph* answered eagerly, „O Sir, it is Parson *Adams*.” — „O la! indeed, „and so it is,” said *Fanny*, „poor man he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the „worthiest best-natured creature.” — „Ay,” said

„*Joseph*, God bleſs him: for there is not ſuch, another in the univerſe.” — „The beſt creature living ſure,” cries *Fanny*. „Is he?” ſays the „Squire, „then I am reſolved to have the beſt „creature living in my coach;” and ſo ſaying, he ordered it to ſtop, whiſt *Joseph*, at his requeſt, hollowed to the parſon, who well knowing his voice, made all the haſte imaginable, and ſoon came up with them. He was deſired by the maſter, who could ſcarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he, with many thanks, reſuſed, ſaying he could walk by its ſide, and he’d warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevailed on. The Squire now acquainted *Joseph* with his marriage; but he might have ſpared himſelf that labour; for his ſervant, whiſt *Joseph* was dreſſing, had performed that office before. He continued to expreſs the vaſt happineſs he enjoyed in his ſiſter, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. *Joseph* made many bows, and expreſſed as many acknowledgments; and Parſon *Adams*, who now firſt perceived *Joseph*’s new apparel, burſt into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and ſnapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady *Booby*’s; and the Squire deſiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with *Joseph*’s arrival; ſaying: „Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am reſolved to own

„her relations, and shew them all a proper respect;
 „I shall think myself therefore infinitely obliged
 „to all mine, who will do the same. It is true, her
 „brother hath been your servant, but he is now
 „become my brother; and I have one happiness,
 „that neither his character, his behaviour, or ap-
 „pearance give me any reason to be ashamed of cal-
 „ling him so. In short, he is now below, dressed
 „like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall
 „hereafter be seen: and you will oblige me beyond
 „expression, if you will admit him to be of our
 „party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my
 „wife, though she will not mention it.”

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the Lady
Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him
 eagerly: „Nephew, you know how easily I am
 „prevailed on to do any thing which *Joseph An-*
 „*drews* desires — Phoo, I mean which you desire
 „me; and as he is now your relation, I cannot
 „refuse to entertain him as such.” The Squire
 told her, he knew his obligation to her for her
 compliance; and going three steps, returned and
 told her — he had one more favour, which he be-
 lieved she would easily grant, as she had accorded
 him the former. „There is a young woman” —
 „Nephew,” says she, „don't let my good-nature
 „make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to
 „impose on me; nor think, because I have, with
 „so much condescension, agreed to suffer your
 „brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will
 „submit to the company of all my own servants,
 „and all the dirty trollops in the country.” „Ma-

„dam, answered the Squire, „I believe you never saw this young creature. I never beheld such sweetness and innocence, joined with such beauty, and withal so genteel.” „Upon my soul I won't admit her,” replied the Lady in a passion; „the whole world shan't prevail on me. I resent even the desire as an affront, and” — The Squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to *Joseph*, and she to *Pamela*. He took *Joseph* aside, and told he would carry him to his sister; but could not prevail as yet for *Fanny*. *Joseph* begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his *Fanny*; but the Squire knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling *Joseph*, there would be nothing in so short an absence from *Fanny*, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him. — *Joseph* immediately complied: for, indeed, no brother could love a sister more: and recommending *Fanny*, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady *Booby*, to the care of Mr. *Adams*, he attended the Squire up stairs, whilst *Fanny* repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAP. VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

The meeting between *Joseph* and *Pamela* was not without tears of joy on both sides: and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were however regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and being assisted by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness and youth. In the afternoon *Joseph*, at their own request, entertained them with an account of his adventures; nor could *Lady Booby* conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which *Fanny* was concerned, especially when *Mr. Booby* launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that for her part, she should be jealous of a husband, who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. *Pamela* answered, indeed she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of *Mr. Booby's* aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and *Lady Booby* replied, that men were, in the general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both

contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the Lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed *Joseph* (whom for the future we shall call Mr. *Joseph*, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others, I mean that incontestable one of good clothes,) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his *Fanny*; but she insisted on his accepting it, alleging, that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The Squire and his Lady both joining with her, Mr. *Joseph* was at last forced to give over his design of visiting *Fanny* that evening, who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when, in complaisance to Mr. *Adams's* family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thought of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise filled her with uneasiness; of which however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. *Joseph* rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour, than she leapt from her bed, and dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness to-

gether, and then having appointed Monday, by Mr. *Adams's* permission, for their marriage, Mr. *Joseph* returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the *Lady Booby's*, with whose behaviour since the evening we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber, than she asked *Slipslop* what she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married? „Madam!” said *Slipslop*, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. „I ask you, answered the Lady, what do you think of the dowdy, my niece I think I am to call her?” *Slipslop* wanting no further hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The Lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying: — „I think, *Slipslop*, you have done her justice: but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel compared to this *Fanny*.” *Slipslop* then fell on *Fanny*, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation, that there was always something in those low life creatures which must eternally distinguish them from their betters. „Really, said the Lady, I think there is one exception to your rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean,” — „Not I, upon my word, Madam,” said *Slipslop*. — „I mean a young fellow; sure you are the dullest wretch,” said the Lady. — „O la, I am indeed — Yes truly, Madam, he is an *accession*,” an-

„fwered *Slipslop*. — „Ay, is he not, *Slipslop*?
„returned the Lady. Is he not so genteel, that a
„prince might without a blush acknowledge him
„for his son. His behaviour is such that would
„not shame the best education. He borrows
„from his station a condescension in every thing
„to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean
„servility which is called good behaviour in such
„persons. Every thing he doth, hath no mark of
„the base motive of fear, but visibly shews some
„respect and gratitude, and carries with it the per-
„suasion of love. — And then for his virtue;
„such piety to his parents, such tender affection
„to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such
„bravery, such goodness, that if he had been born
„a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the
„most invaluable blessing.” — „To be sure,
„Ma’am,” said *Slipslop*. — „But as he is, answe-
„red the Lady, if he had a thousand more good
„qualities, it must render a woman of fashion
„contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of
„him: yes, I should despise myself for such a
„thought.” „To be sure, Ma’am,” said *Slipslop*.
„And why to be sure? replied the Lady, thou art
„always one’s echo. Is he not more worthy of
„affection than a dirty country clown, though
„born of a family as old as the flood, or an idle
„worthless rake, or little puiſné beau of quality?
„And yet these we must condemn ourselves to,
„in order to avoid the censure of the world; to
„shun the contempt of others, we must ally our-
„selves to those we despise; we must prefer birth,

„title and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny
„of custom, a tyranny we must comply with: for
„we people of fashion are the slaves of custom.”
— „Marry come up!” said *Slipslop*, who now
well-knew which party to take, „If I was a wo-
„man of your Ladyship’s fortune and quality, I
„would be a slave to no body!” — „Me, said
„the Lady, I am speaking if a young woman of
„fashion, who had seen nothing of the world,
„should happen to like such a fellow. — Me, in-
„deed! I hope thou dost not imagine.” — „No,
„Ma’am, to be sure,” cries *Slipslop*. „No! what
„no? cried the Lady. Thou art always ready to
„answer before thou hast heard one. So far I must
„allow he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No,
„*Slipslop*, all thoughts of men are over with me.
„— I have lost a husband, who—but if I should
„reflect, I should run mad. — My future ease
„must depend upon forgetfulness. *Slipslop*, let
„me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my
„thoughts another way. What dost thou think of
„*Mr. Andrews*?” „Why, I think, says *Slipslop*,
„he is the handsomest, and most *propereft* man I
„ever saw; and if I was a Lady of the greatest
„degree, it would be well for some folks. Your
„Ladyship may talk of custom if you please; but
„I am *confidous* there is no more comparison bet-
„ween young *Mr. Andrews*, and most of the
„young gentlemen who come to your Ladyships
„house in London; a parcel of whipper-snapper
„sparks: I would sooner marry our old Parson
„*Adams*: never tell me what people say, whilst

„I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some
„folks rail against other folks, because other folks
„have what some folks would have been glad of.”
— „And so, answered the Lady, if you was a
„woman of condition, you would really marry
„Mr. *Andrews*?” — „Yes, I assure your Lady-
„ship, replied *Slipslop*, if he would have me.” —
„Fool, idiot, cries the Lady, if he would have a
„woman of fashion! is that a question? „No tru-
„ly, Madam, said *Slipslop*, I believe it would be
„none, if *Fanny*, was out of the way: and I am
„confidous, if I was in your Ladyship’s place, and
„liked Mr. *Joseph Andrews*, she should not stay
„in the parish a moment. I am sure Lawyer *Scout*
„would send her packing, if your Ladyship would
„but say the word.” This last speech of *Slipslop*
raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She
feared *Scout* had betrayed her, or rather that she
had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a
double change of her complexion, first to pale
and then to red, she thus spoke: „I am astonished
„at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you
„insinuate, that I employed *Scout* against this
„wench, on the account of the fellow?” „La,
„Ma’am,” said *Slipslop*, frightened out of her wits,
„I assassinate such a thing!” „I think you dare not,
„answered the Lady, I believe my conduct may
„defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If
„I had ever discovered any wantonness, any light-
„ness in my behaviour; if I had followed the ex-
„ample of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen,
„in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with

„a husband: but the dear man who is gone, (here
 „she began to sob); was he alive again, (then she
 „produced tears), could not upbraid me with any
 „one act of tenderness or passion. No, *Slipshlop*,
 „all the time I cohabited with him, he never ob-
 „tained even a kiss from me, without my expres-
 „sing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure he
 „himself never suspected how much I loved him.
 „— Since his death, thou knowest, though it is
 „almost six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have
 „not admitted one visitor, till this fool my nephew
 „arrived. I have confined myself quite to one
 „party of friends. — And can such a conduct as
 „this fear to be arraigned? To be accused not
 „only of a passion which I have always despised,
 „but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so
 „much beneath my notice?” — „Upon my word,
 „Ma'am, says *Slipshlop*, I do not understand your
 „Ladyship, nor know I any thing of the matter.”
 — „I believe, indeed, thou dost not understand
 „me. — Those are delicacies wick exist only in
 „superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot compre-
 „hend them. Thou art a low creature, of the
 „*Andrews* breed, a reptile of a lower order, a
 „weed that grows in the common garden of the
 „creation.” — „I assure your Ladyship,” says *Slip-*
slop, whose passions were almost of as high an or-
 der as her Lady's, „I have no more to do with
 „*Common Garden* than other folks. Really, your
 „Ladyship talks of servants as if they were not of
 „the Christian *specious*. Servants have flesh and
 „blood, as well as quality; and Mr. *Andrews* him-

„self is a proof that they have as good, if not bet-
 „ter. And for my own part, I can't perceive
 „my *Dears* *) are coarser than other people's: I
 „am sure, if Mr. *Andrews* was a dear of mine, I
 „should not be ashamed of him in company with
 „gentlemen; for whoever hath seen him in his
 „new clothes, must confess he looks as much like
 „a gentleman as any body. Coarse, quotha! I
 „can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run
 „down neither; for I will say this, I never heard
 „him say an ill word of any body in his life. I
 „am sure his coarseness doth not lie in his heart;
 „for he is the best natured man in the world; and
 „as for his skin, it is no coarser than other peo-
 „ples, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was
 „as white as driven snow; and where it is not
 „covered with hairs, it is so still. Ifskins! if I
 „was Mrs. *Andrews*, with a hundred a year, I
 „should not envy the best She who wears a head.
 „A woman who could not be happy with such a
 „man, ought never to be so: for if he can't make
 „a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man
 „who could. I say again, I wish I was a great
 „Lady for his sake; I believe when I had made a
 „gentleman of him, he'd behave so, that no body
 „should deprecate what I had done; and I fancy
 „few would venture to tell him he was no gentle-
 „man to his face, nor to mine neither.” At which
 words, taking up the candles, she asked her mi-
 stress, who had been some time in her bed, if
 she had any farther commands; who mildly an-

*) Meaning perhaps ideas,

swered she had none; and telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good night.

CHAP. VII.

Philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French Romance.

Mr. Booby's grave advice to Joseph, and Fanny's encounter with a beau.

THU ABIT, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey it to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion (however false) of their own abilities, excellencies and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion, generally called love, exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world; so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit: for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou

thou hast considered, that at the age of seven, or something earlier, Miss is instructed by her mother, that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces: that so far from kissing or toying with him, of her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her; and, lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the grey hound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now pass'd their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and

Sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age), they then begin to think of their danger: and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour, by all the methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him: and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment; and now, (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another), love instantly succeeds to fear. But as it happens to persons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons, called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced that there are no such things: so these young Ladies, tho' they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them; they still entertain the idea of that curse which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence, they every day hear from their companions, greatly contribute. To

avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster; and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeited the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to Lady Booby, who loved *Joseph* long before she knew it; and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, began to conceive secretly a design which love had concealed from herself, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen than she sent for her nephew; when he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, he might perceive, in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of *Andrews* as his relations, and indeed hers; that as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his art to dissuade *Joseph* from his intended match, which would still enlarge their relation to meanness and poverty; concluding, that by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr. *Andrews* on the foot of a gentleman; and that

being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance which would not be to their discredit.

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and finding Mr. *Joseph* with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: „My love to my dear *Pamela*, brother, will extend „to all her relations, nor shall I shew them less „respect than if I had married into the family of „a duke. I hope I have given you some early „testimonies of this, and shall continue to give „you daily more. You will excuse me therefore, „brother, if my concern for your interest makes „me mention what may be, perhaps, disagreeable „to you to hear: but I must insist upon it, that if „you have any value for my alliance or my friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engaging „farther with a girl, who is, as you are a relation „of mine, so much beneath you. I know there „may be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but that will daily diminish; and you will „in the end sincerely thank me for my advice. I „own indeed the girl is handsome; but beauty „alone is a poor ingredient, and will make but an „uncomfortable marriage.” „Sir, said *Joseph*, I „assure you, her beauty is her least perfection; nor „do I know a virtue which that young creature is „not possessed of.” „As to her virtues, answered „Mr. *Booby*, you can be yet but a slender judge „of them: but if she had never so many, you will „find her equal in these among her superiors in „birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem

„on a footing with yourself; at least I will take
„care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent
„me by degrading yourself with such a match, a
„match I have hardly patience to think of, and
„which would break the hearts of your parents,
„who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing
„you make a figure in the world.” „I know not,
„replied *Joseph*, that my parents have any power
„over my inclinations, nor am I obliged to sacrifice
„my happiness to their whim or ambition: besides,
„I shall be very sorry to see that the unexpected
„advancement of my sister should so suddenly
„inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them
„despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to
„quit my dear *Fanny*, no, though I could raise her as
„high above her present station as you have raised my
„sister.” „Your sister, as well as myself, said *Booby*, are
„greatly obliged to you for the comparison: but, Sir,
„she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my
„*Pamela*, nor hath she half her merit. And besides,
„Sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister
„in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference
„between us: my fortune enabled me to please myself,
„and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me
„to have omitted it, as in you to do it.” „My fortune
„enables me to please myself likewise, said *Joseph*,
„for all my pleasure is centred in *Fanny*; and whilst I
„have health, I shall be able to support her with my
„labour in that station to which she was born,

„and with which she is content.” „Brother, said
 „*Pamela*, Mr. *Booby* advises you as a friend; and,
 „no doubt, my papa and mamma will be of his
 „opinion, and will have great reason to be angry
 „with you for destroying what his goodness hath
 „done, and throwing down our family again, af-
 „ter he hath raised it. It would become you bet-
 „ter, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace
 „against such a passion, than to indulge it.” —
 „Sure, sister, you are not in earnest; I am sure
 „she is your equal at least.” — „She was my
 „equal, answered *Pamela*, but I am no longer
 „*Pamela Andrews*, I am now this gentleman's La-
 „dy, and as such am above her. — I hope I shall
 „never behave with an unbecoming pride; but at
 „the same time I shall always endeavour to know
 „myself, and question not the assistance of grace
 „to that purpose.” They were now summoned
 to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for
 the present, very little to the satisfaction of any
 of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at so-
 me distance from the house, where *Joseph* had
 promised to take the first opportunity of coming
 to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and
 had subsisted ever since her return entirely on the
 charity of Parson *Adams*. A young gentleman,
 attended by many servants, came up to her, and
 asked her, if that was not the Lady *Booby's* house
 before him? This, indeed he well knew, but had
 framed the question for no other reason than to
 make her look up, and discover if her face was

equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with amazement. He stop'd his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude: but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which, with all her strength she resisted; and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her; and, remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening, and to assure her he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the Lady's house, to whom he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable, but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his ma-

ster, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of—and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest Lord in the land, would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with her charms, which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an antient philosopher, or modern divine, he fastened his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor *Fanny* would not have been able to resist his rudeness a long time; but the deity, who presides over chaste love, sent her *Joseph* to her assistance. He no sooner came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than like a canon-ball, or like lightning, or any thing that is swifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards; and perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of *Fanny*, he quitted her, and, turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to assail him; and indeed, before he could well defend himself, or return the

first blow, received a second, which had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for; but the ravisher lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth; and now not conceiving any extraordinary affection for the beauty of *Joseph's* person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at *Joseph's* breast, which he artfully parried with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in the air, and stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand, (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame) it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged; *Joseph* did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim, that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. *Joseph* then moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dextrously into the stomach of the ravisher, that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When *Fanny* saw her *Joseph* receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before *Joseph*, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assu-

red her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had made *Joseph* the means of her rescue, and at the same time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her handkerchief, to wipe his blood from his face; but he seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him if he had enough; to which the other answered he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil instead of a man; and loosening his horse, he said, he should not have attempted the wench, if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged *Joseph* to return with her to *Parson Adams*, and to promise that he would leave her no more. These were propositions so agreeable to *Joseph*, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent: but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had tore her handkerchief from *Fanny's* neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that *Joseph* hath declared all the statues he ever beheld were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue, than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art. This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun, a modesty to which, perhaps, they owed their inconceivable whiteness, had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of *Joseph*, before her apprehension of his danger, and the horror of seeing his blood, would suffer her once to re-

fleet on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from *Joseph's* nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise exchanged to vermilion, at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief round her neck. *Joseph* saw the uneasiness that she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul. So great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

Fanny, being recovered from her confusion, which was almost equalled by what *Joseph* had felt from observing it, again mentioned her request; this was instantly and gladly complied with, and together they crossed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of *Mr. Adams*.

CHAP. VIII.

A discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph and Fanny; with some behaviour of Mr. Adams, which would be called by some few readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

The parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute, when the lovers came to the door. Indeed

this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. *Adams* was one of those prudent people who never do any thing to injure their families, or, perhaps, one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. *Slipslop*, and of making her second son an exciseman by Lady *Booby's* interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the Lady's intention in *Fanny's* affair. She told him, it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him, without intermeddling in other folk's affairs: that he had always preached up submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if Lady *Booby* did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not ly at their door; that *Fanny* had been a servant, and bred up in the Lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the Lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her, because she was handsome, but handsome women were often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whe-

ther she had beauty or no. For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the Lady, and stop the future publication of the banns. But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty, without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest; he endeavoured to answer her as well as he could, to which she had just finished her reply, (for she had always the last word every where but at church,) when *Joseph* and *Fanny* entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast, over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of *Mrs. Adams*, which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of *Adams*, who no sooner heard that *Fanny* had neither eat nor drank that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house. *Joseph*, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between *Squire Booby*, his sister, and himself, concerning *Fanny*: he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till *Fanny* was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence. saying he would easily borrow the money. The parson an-

swered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. „*Joseph*,” says he, „I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear, but as it certainly springs from one of these causes, I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn: and first, for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, I must inform you, that, if in your proposed marriage with this young woman, you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service, provided on that occasion, read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I shall give a sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be, child, *Matthew* the 5th, and part of the 28th verse: *Whosoever looketh on a woman so as to lust after her.* The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations, is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I propose to speak to, namely, *Fear*: it argues a

„diffidence highly criminal of that power in which
„alone we should put our trust, seeing we may
„be well assured that he is able not only to defeat
„the designs of our enemies, but even to turn
„their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any
„unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves
„of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these
„occasions; and we may be then certain of obtain-
„ing what is best for us. When any accident
„threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when
„it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all
„things to the will of Providence, and set our
„affections so much on nothing here, that we can-
„not quit it without reluctance. You are a young
„man, and can know but little of this world; I
„am older, and have seen a great deal. All pas-
„sions are criminal in their excess: and even love
„itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may
„render us blind to it. Had *Abraham* so loved
„his son *Isaac* as to refuse the sacrifice required,
„is there any of us who would not condemn him?
„*Joseph*, I know your many good qualities, and
„value you for them: but as I am to render an
„account of your soul, which is committed to my
„care, I cannot see any fault without reminding
„you of it. You are too much inclined to passion,
„child, and have set your affections so absolutely
„on this young woman, that if God required her
„at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part
„with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought
„so to set his heart on any person or thing in this
„world, but that whenever it shall be required or

„taken from him in any manner by Divine Providence, he may be able, peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it.” At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. *Adams* that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. *Joseph*, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments, that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public, (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace) but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. „Child, „child,” said he, „do not go about impossibilities. „Had it been any other of my children, I could „have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age, — „the little wretch to be snatched out of life just at „its entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered „boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It „was but this morning I gave him his first lesson „in *Qua Genus*. This was the very book he learnt! „poor child! it is of no further use to thee now. „He would have made the best scholar, and have „been an ornament to the church; — such parts, „and such goodness, never met in one so young.” „And the handsomest lad too,” says Mrs. *Adams*, recovering from a swoon in *Fanny’s* arms. — „My

„My poor *Jacky*, shall I never see thee more?” cries the parson. — „Yes, surely,” says *Joseph*, „and in a better place; you will meet again never „to part more.” — I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out: „where is my little darling?” and was fallying out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune, had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson’s joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? not those which two courtiers feel in one another’s embraces: not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his el-

der joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour. — No, reader, he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking *Joseph* aside, proceeded thus: — „No, *Joseph*, „do not give too much way to thy passions, if „thou dost expect happiness.” The patience of *Joseph*, nor perhaps of *Job*, could bear no longer; he interrupted the parson, saying, it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered. — Boy,” replied *Adams*, raising his voice, „it doth not become green heads to advise „grey hairs. — Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, „thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what „a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those „great trials, where our grief may be allowed to „become immoderate.” Well, Sir,” cries *Joseph*, „and if I love a mistress as well as you your „child, surely her loss would grieve me equally.” „Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in „itself, and ought to be conquered,” answered *Adams*; „it savours too much of the flesh.” „Sure, Sir,” says *Joseph*, „it is not sinful to love my „wife, no, not even to doat on her to distraction!”

„Indeed but it is, said *Adams*. Every man ought
„to love his wife, no doubt; we are comman-
„ded so to do; but we ought to love her with mo-
„deration and discretion. — I am afraid I shall
„be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endea-
„vours, says *Joseph*; for I shall love without any
„moderation, I am sure. — You talk foolishly
„and childishly, cries *Adams*. Indeed, says Mrs.
„*Adams*, who had listened to the latter part of the
„conversation, you talk more foolishly yourself.
„I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such
„doctrine, as that husbands can love their wives
„too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in
„the house, I am sure I would burn it; and I do
„declare, if I had not been convinced you had lo-
„ved me as well as you could, I can answer for
„myself, I should have hated and despised you.
„Marry come up! Fine doctrine indeed! A wife
„hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her
„as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain
„who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her,
„and to comfort her, and to cherish her, and all
„that? I am sure I remember it all, as well as if I
„had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall ne-
„ver forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not
„preach as you practise: for you have been a lo-
„ving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the
„truth on't; and why you should endeavour to
„put such wicked nonsense into this young man's
„head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him,
„Mr. *Joseph*, be as good a husband as you are

„able, and love your wife with all your body and „soul too.” Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A visit which the good Lady Booby and her polite friend paid to the parson.

The Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be *Fanny*, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted: and to entertain hopes that the fine clothes, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon *Joseph*; she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. *Adams's* house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. *Adams* was declaiming as in the last chapter. Beau *Didapper*, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady Booby's, with

his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, *Adams*, his wife, and three children, *Joseph*, *Fanny*, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock; but *Adams* went directly to the door, which being opened, the *Lady Booby* and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many curties; the latter telling the *Lady*, she was ashamed to be in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her Ladyship, she would have found her in a better manner. The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half-cassock, and a flannel night-cap. He said, they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage, and turning to *Mr. Didapper*, cried out: *Non mea reuider in domo lacunar*. The beau answered, he did not understand Welch: at which the parson stared and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or beau *Didapper*, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a perriwig. His face was thin and pale: the shape of his body and legs none of the best; for he had very narrow shoulders, and no calf: and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French, and sing two or three

Italian songs: he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and to much at court to be proud; he seemed not much inclined to avarice; for he was profuse in his expences: nor had he all the features of prodigality; for he never gave a shilling; — no hater of women; for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures. No drinker of wine; nor so addicted to passion, but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a dash or two on the affirmative side: though he was born to an immense fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and dirty consideration of a place of little consequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man; who treated him with the utmost disrespect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to his commands; which he implicitly submitted to, at the expence of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share. And to finish his character; as he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather thing, that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr. Adams's kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney side, where they had been seated, to give room to the Lady and hers. Instead of returning any of the curtsies or extraordinary civilities of Mrs. Adams, the Lady turning to Mr. Booby, cried out:

„*Quelle Bête, quel Animal!*” And presently after discovering *Fanny* (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by *Joseph* to assure the identity of her person) she asked the beau: „Whether he did not think her a pretty girl?” — „Begad, Madam, answered he, 'tis the very same I met. I did not imagine, replied the Lady,” „you had so good a taste. Because I never liked you, I warrant, cries the beau. Ridiculous, said she; you know you was always my aversion. I would never mention aversion, answered the beau, with that face; *) dear Lady *Booby*, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you.” He then laughed, and turned about to coquet with *Fanny*.

Mrs. *Adams* had been all this time begging and praying the Ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy to whom the accident had happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly; but Lady *Booby* took his part, and commending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then seeing a book in his hand, asked him, if he could read? „Yes; cried *Adams*, a little Latin, Madam; he is just got into „*Quæ Genus*. A fig for *quere genius*, answered she, let me hear him read a little English. — „*Lege, Dick, lege*,” said *Adams*: but the boy made no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows;

N iv

*) Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken *verbatim* from very polite conversation.

and then cried: „I don't understand you, father.”
 „How, boy!” says *Adams*, „what doth *lego* make
 in the Imperative mood? *legiro*, doth it not?
 „Yes, answered *Dick* — And what besides?
 „says the father. *Lege*, quoth the son, after so-
 me hesitation. A good boy, says the father;
 „and now, child, what is the English of *lego*? —
 „To which the boy, after long puzzling, he could
 „not tell. How, cries *Adams* in a passion —
 „What, bath the water washed away your lear-
 ning? Why, what is Latin for the English verb
 „read? Consider before you speak.” — The child
 considered some time, and then the parson cried
 twice or thrice, *Le—le*, „*Dick* answered: *Lego*,”
 „— Very well; — and then what is the English,
 „says the parson, of the verb *lego*? To read, cried
 „*Dick*. — Very well, said the parson, a good
 „boy, you can do well, if you will take pains. —
 „I assure your Ladyship, he is not much above
 „eight years old, and is out of his *Propria qua-*
 „*maribus* already. — Come, *Dick*, read to her
 „Ladyship;” — which she again desiring, in or-
 der to give the beau an opportunity with *Fanny*,
Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

*The history of two friends, which may af-
 ford an useful lesson to all these per-
 sons who happen to take up their resi-
 dence in married families.*

„*Leonard* and *Paul* were two friends” — Pro-
 „nounce it *Lennard*, child,” cried the parson, —

„Pray, Mr. *Adams*, says Lady *Booby*, let your
„son read without interruption.” *Dick* then pro-
ceeded: „*Lennard* and *Paul* were two friends:
„who, having been educated together at the same
„school, commenced a friendship which they pre-
„served a long time for each other. It was so
„deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long ab-
„sence, during which they had maintained no cor-
„respondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it: but
„it revived in all its force at their first meeting,
„which was not till after fifteen years absence,
„most of which time *Lennard* had spent in the
„East-Indies.” — „Pronounce it short, Indies,”
says *Adams*. — „Pray, Sir, be quiet,” says the
Lady — The boy repeated — „in the East-In-
„dies, whilst *Paul* had served his king and coun-
„try in the army. In which different services they
„had found such different success, that *Lennard*
„was now married, and retired with a fortune of
„thirty thousand pounds; and *Paul* was arrived to
„the degree of a lieutenant on foot, and was not
„worth a single shilling.

„The regiment in which *Paul* was stationed,
„happened to be ordered into quarters, within a
„small distance from the estate which *Lennard*
„had purchased, and where he was settled. This
„latter, who was now become a country gentle-
„man, and a justice of peace, came to attend the
„quarter-sessions in the town, where his old friend
„was quartered. Soon after his arrival, some affair
„in which a soldier was concerned, occasioned

„*Paul* to attend the justices. Manhood and time, „and the change of climate, had so much altered „*Lennard*, that *Paul* did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance: but it „was otherwise with *Lennard*: he knew *Paul* the „moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily „to embrace him. *Paul* stood at first a little surprised; but had soon sufficient information from „his friend, whom he no sooner remembered, than „he returned his embrace with a passion which „made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to „some few a much higher and more agreeable „sensation.

„Not to detain the reader with minute circumstances, *Lennard* insisted on his friend's returning with him to his house that evening; which „request was complied with, and leave for a „month's absence for *Paul* obtained of the commanding officer.

„If it was possible for any circumstance to give „any addition to the happiness which *Paul* proposed in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, by finding, on his arrival at his friend's „house, that his Lady was an old acquaintance „which he had formerly contracted at his quarters; and who had always appeared to be of a „most agreeable temper; a character she had ever „maintained among her intimates, being of that „number, every individual of which is called quite „the best sort of woman in the world.

„But good as this Lady was, she was still a „woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an an-

„angel.“ — „You must mistake, child, cries the
„parson, for you read nonsense.“ „It is so in the
„book, answered the son.“ Mr. *Adams* was then
silenced by authority, and *Dick* proceeded. — „For
„tho' her person was of that kind to which men
„attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she
„was perfectly woman. Of which a great degree
„of obstinacy gave the most remarkable, and per-
„haps most pernicious instance.

„A day or two past after *Paul's* arrival, before
„any instances of this appeared; but it was impos-
„sible to conceal it long. Both she and her hus-
„band soon lost all apprehension from their friend's
„presence, and fell to their disputes with as much
„vigour as ever. These were still pursued with
„the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling
„the causes were whence they first arose. Nay,
„however incredible it may seem, the little con-
„sequence of the matter in debate was frequently
„given as a reason for the fierceness of the con-
„tention, as thus: If you loved me, sure you
„would never dispute with me such a trifle as this.”
„The answer to which is very obvious; for the
„argument would hold equally on both sides, and
„was constantly retorted with some addition, as: —
„I am sure I have much more reason to say so,
„who am in the right.” During all these dispu-
„tes, *Paul* always kept strict silence, and prefer-
„ved an even countenance, without shewing the
„least visible inclination to either party. One day,
„however, when Madam had left the room in a
„violent fury, *Lennard* could not refrain from re-

,ferring his cause to his friend. Was ever any
„thing so unreasonable, says he, as this woman?
„What shall I do with her? I dote on her to di-
„straction: nor have I any cause to complain of
„more than this obstinacy in her temper; what-
„ever she asserts she will maintain against all the
„reason and conviction in the world. Pray give
„me your advice. — First, says *Paul*, I will gi-
„ve my opinion, which is flatly, that you are in
„the wrong; for supposing she is in the wrong,
„was the subject of your contention any ways
„material? What signified it wheter you was mar-
„ried in a red or a yellow waistcoat? for that was
„your dispute. Now suppose she was mistaken,
„as you love her you say so tenderly, and I belie-
„ve she deserves it, would it not have been wi-
„fer to have yielded, tho' you certainly knew
„yourself in the right, than to give either her or
„yourself any uneasiness? For my own part, if
„ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an
„agreement with my wife, that in all disputes,
„(especially about trifles), that party who is most
„convinced they are right, shall always surrender
„the victory; by which means we shall both be
„forward to give up the cause. I own, said *Len-*
„„*nard*, my dear friend, shaking him by the hand,
„there is great truth and reason in what you say;
„and I will for the future endeavour to follow
„your advice. They soon after broke up the con-
„versation, and *Lennard* going to his wife asked
„her pardon, and told her his friend had convin-
„ced him he had been in the wrong. She imme-

„diately began a vast encomium on *Paul*, in which
„he seconded her, and both agreed he was the
„worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When
„next they met, which was at supper, tho' she
„had promised not to mention what her husband
„had told her, she could not forbear casting the
„kindest and most affectionate looks on *Paul*, and
„asked him, with the sweetest voice, whether she
„should help him to some potted woodcock? —
„Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, says the
„husband. My dear, says she, I ask your friend
„if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am
„sure I must know, who potted it. I think I should
„know too, who shot them, replied the husband,
„and I am convinced that I have not seen a wood-
„cock this year; however, though I know I am in
„the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is
„potted woodcock, if you desire to have it so. It
„is equal to me, says she, whether it is one or the
„other; but you would persuade one out of one's
„senses; to be sure you are always in the right in
„your own opinion; but your friend, I believe,
„knows which he is eating. *Paul* answered no-
„thing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the
„greatest part of the evening. The next morning
„the Lady accidentally meeting *Paul*, and being
„convinced he was her friend, and of her side,
„accosted him thus: — I am certain, Sir, you
„have long since wondered at the unreasonableness
„of my husband. He is indeed, in other respects,
„a good sort of man; but so positive, that no
„woman but one of my complying temper could

„possibly live with him. Why, last night, now,
 „was ever any creature so unreasonable? — I am
 „certain you must condemn him. — Pray, an-
 „swer me, was he not in the wrong?” *Paul*, af-
 „ter a short silence, spoke as follows: „I am for-
 „ty, Madam, that as good manners obliges me to
 „answer against my will, so an adherence to truth
 „forces me to declare myself, of a different opi-
 „nion. To be plain and honest, you was entire-
 „ly in the wrong; the cause I own not worth dis-
 „puting, but the bird was undoubtedly a partrid-
 „ge.” „O Sir, replied the Lady, I cannot pos-
 „sibly help your taste.” — „Madam, returned *Paul*,
 „that is very little material; for had it been other-
 „wise, a husband might have expected submission.”
 — „Indeed, Sir, says she, I assure you— „Yes,
 „Madam, cried he, he might from a person of
 „your excellent understanding: and, pardon me for
 „saying, such a condescension would have shewn
 „a superiority of sense even to your husband him-
 „self.” — „But, dear Sir, said she, why should
 „I submit when I am in the right?” — „For that
 „very reason, answered he, it would be the grea-
 „test instance of affection imaginable: for can any
 „thing be a greater object of our compassion, than
 „a person we love, in the wrong?” „Ay, but I
 „should endeavour, said she, to set him right.”
 „Pardon me, Madam, answered *Paul*, I will ap-
 „ply to your own experience, if you ever found
 „your arguments had that effect. The more our
 „judgment err, the less we are willing to own it;
 „for my own part, I have always observed the

„persons who maintain the worst side in any contest, are the warmest.” „Why, says he, I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it.” „The husband then coming in, *Paul* departed. And *Lennard* approaching his wife with an air of good-humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night: but he was now convinced of his error. She answered, smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complaisance; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good-will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting, that *Paul* had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

„*Paul* now passed his time with great satisfaction; these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual; but the devil, or some unlucky accident, in which perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately, that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method. One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband profes-

„sing himself sure the decision would be in his fa-
„vour, the wife answered, he might be mista-
„ken; for she believed his friend was convinced
„how seldom she was to blame — and that if he
„knew all — The husband replied: — „My
„dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I
„believe, if you knew all too, you would not
„imagine my friend so entirely on your side.”
„Nay, says he, since you provoke me, I will
„mention one instance. You may remember our
„dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold
„weather, which point I gave up to you from
„mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the
„right; and *Paul* himself told me afterwards, he
„thought me so.” „My dear, replied the husband,
„I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure
„you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave
„it absolutely on my side, and said he would have
„acted in the same manner.” „They then pro-
„ceeded to produce numberless other instances,
„in all which *Paul* had, on vows of secrecy, given
„his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion,
„both believing each other, they fell severely on
„the treachery of *Paul*, and agreed that he had
„been the occasion of almost every dispute which
„had fallen out between them. They then beca-
„me extremely loving, and so full of condescen-
„sion on both sides, that they vied with each other
„in censuring their own conduct, and jointly ven-
„ted their indignation on *Paul*, whom the wife,
„fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entrea-
„ted her husband to suffer quietly to depart the
„next

„next day, which was the time fixed for his return
„to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance.

„However ungenerous this behaviour in *Lennard*
„may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise
„from him (tho' with difficulty) to follow her
„advice; but they both expressed such unusual
„coldness that day to *Paul*, that he, who was quick
„of apprehension, taking *Lennard* aside, pressed
„him so home, that he at last discovered the secret.
„*Paul* acknowledged the truth, but told
„him the design with which he had done it.

„To which the other answered, he would have
„acted more friendly to have let him into the
„whole design; for that he might have assured
„himself of his secrecy. *Paul* replied, with some
„indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof
„how capable he was of concealing a secret from
„his wife. *Lennard* returned with some warmth,
„he had more reason to upbraid him, for that
„he had caused most of the quarrels between them,
„by his strange conduct, and might (if they had
„not discovered the affair to each other) have been
„the occasion of their separation. *Paul* then said”
— But something now happened which put a stop
to *Dick's* reading, and of which we shall treat in
the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

In which the history is continued.

Joseph Andrews had born with great uneasiness
the impertinence of Beau *Didapper* to *Fanny*,

who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only: but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the Ladies eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which *Joseph* no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The Ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs, and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger, which *Adams* observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and, covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in before *Joseph*, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. *Joseph* was of a different complexion, and begged *Adams* to let his rival come on, for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. *Fanny* now fainted into *Mrs. Adams's* arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when *Mr. Booby* passing by *Adams*, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to *Didapper*, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction; which *Joseph* declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now shea-

thed his hanger, and, taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, re-adjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield, and *Joseph*, running to *Fanny*, soon brought her back to life. *Lady Booby* chid *Joseph* for his insult on *Didapper*; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause. „What cause!” said the Lady. „Madam, answered *Joseph*, he was „rude to that young woman.” — „What, says the „Lady, I suppose he would have kissed the wench; „and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? „I must tell you, *Joseph*, these airs do not become you.” — „Madam, said Mr. *Booby*, I saw „the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot perceive, why he should take „upon him to be this girl’s champion.” — „I can „commend him, says *Adams*, he is a brave lad; „and it becomes any man to be the champion of „the innocent; and he must be the basest coward „who would not vindicate a woman, with whom „he is on the brink of marriage.” — „Sir, said „Mr. *Booby*, my brother is not a proper match „for such a young woman as this.” — „No, says „Lady *Booby*, nor do you, Mr. *Adams*, act in „your proper character, by encouraging any such „doings; and I am very much surpris’d you „should concern yourself in it. — I think „your wife and family your proper care.” — „Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship says very true, — „answered Mrs. *Adams*, he talks a pack of nonsense, that the whole parish are his children. I

„am sure I don't understand what he means by
„it; it would make some women suspect he had
„gone astray: but I acquit him of that: I can
„read scripture as well as he, and I never found
„that the parson was obliged to provide for other
„folks children: and besides, he is but a poor
„curate, and hath little enough, as your Lady-
„ship knows, for me and mine.” — „You say
„very well, Mrs. *Adams*,” quoth the Lady *Boo-
by*, who had not spoke a word to her before,
„you seem to be a very sensible woman; and I
„assure you, your husband is acting a very foo-
„lish part, and opposing his own interest, seeing
„my nephew is violently set against this match:
„and indeed I can't blame him; it is by no means
„one suitable to our family.” In this manner the
Lady proceeded with Mrs. *Adams*, whilst the
beau hopped about the room, shaking his head,
partly from pain, and partly from anger; and
Pamela was chiding *Fanny* for her assurance, in
aiming at such a match as her brother. — Poor
Fanny answered only with her tears, which had
long since begun to wet her handkerchief, which
Joseph perceiving, took her by the arm, and
wrapping it in his, carried her off, swearing he
would own no relation to any one who was an
enemy to her he loved more than all the world.
He went out with *Fanny* under his left arm,
brandishing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr.
Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppose
him. Lady *Booby* and her company made a ve-
ry short stay behind him; for the Lady's bell now

summoned them to dress, for which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial balsam. She told him he had reason to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his family with his tricks almost: but perhaps he was grieved for the loss of his two children, *Joseph* and *Fanny*. His eldest daughter went on; — „Indeed, father, it is very hard to bring strangers here to eat your children's bread out of their mouths. — You have kept them ever since they came home; and, for any thing I see to the contrary, may keep them a month longer. „Are you obliged to give her meat tho'f she was never so handsome? But I don't see she is so much handsomer than other people. If people were to be kept for their beauty, she would scarce fare better than her neighbours, I believe. — As for Mr. *Joseph*, I have nothing to say, he is a young man of honest principles, and will pay some time or other for what he hath; but for the girl, — why doth she not return to her place she ran away from? I would not give such a vagabond slut a halfpenny, though I had a million of money, no, though she was starving.” „Indeed but I would, cries little *Dick*; and, father, rather than poor *Fanny* shall be starved, I will give her all this bread and cheese,” — (offering what he held in his hand). *Adams* smiled on the boy, and told him, he re-

joiced to see he was a Christian, and that if he had a halfpenny in his pocket, he would have given it him, telling him, it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours as his brothers and sisters, and love them accordingly. „Yes, papa, „says he, I love her better than my sisters; for „she is handsomer than any of them.” „Is she „so, saucebox?” says the sister, giving him a box on the ear, which the father would probably have resented, had not *Joseph*, *Fanny* and the pedlar, at that instant returned together. — *Adams* bid his wife prepare some food for their dinner: she said, truly she could not, she had something else to do. *Adams* rebuked her for disputing his commands, and quoted many texts of scripture to prove: „That the „husband is the head of the wife, and she is „to submit and obey.” The wife answered: It was blasphemy to talk Scripture out of church; that such things were very proper to be said in the pulpit, but that it was profane to talk them in common discourse. *Joseph* told Mr. *Adams*, he was not come with any design to give him or Mrs. *Adams* any trouble, but to desire the favour of all their company to the *George*, (an alehouse in the parish) where he had bespoke a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner. Mrs. *Adams*, who was a very good sort of woman, only rather too strict in œconomics, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parson himself by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little *Dick*, to

whom *Joseph* gave a shilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to *Fanny*.

CHAP. XII.

Where the good-natured reader will see something which will give him no great pleasure.

The pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to *Lady Booby*, and had learn'd that she was the widow of *Sir Thomas*, and that *Sir Thomas* had bought *Fanny*, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told *Fanny*, he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's. — He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention: „Though I am now contented „with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I „was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my „profession are called. In a word, I was a drummer in an Irish Regiment of foot. Whilst I was „in this honourable station, I attended an Officer „of our Regiment into England a recruiting. In „our march from Bristol to Froome (for since the „decay of the woollen trade, the clothing towns „have furnished the Army with a great number of „recruits) we overtook on the road a woman, who

„seemed to be about thirty years old, or therea-
 „bouts, not very handsome, but well enough for a
 „soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her
 „pace, and falling into discourse with our Ladies,
 „(for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant,
 „two private men, and a drum, were provided
 „with their women, except myself,) she continued
 „to travel on with us. I, perceiving she must fall
 „to my lot, advanced presently to her, made love
 „to her in our military way, and quickly succee-
 „ded to my wishes. We struck a bargain within
 „a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her
 „dying day. — I suppose, says *Adams*, inter-
 „rupting him, you were married with a licence;
 „for I don't see how you could contrive to have
 „the banns published while you were marching
 „from place to place. — No, Sir, said the ped-
 „lar, we took a licence to go to bed together with-
 „out any banns. — Ay, ay, said the parson,
 „*ex necessitate*, a licence may be allowable enough;
 „but surely, the other is the more regular and eli-
 „gible way.” — The pedlar proceeded thus:
 „She returned with me to our Regiment, and re-
 „moved with us from quarters to quarters, till at
 „last, while we lay at *Galloway*, she fell ill of a
 „fever, and died. When she was on her death-
 „bed, she called me to her, and, crying bitterly,
 „declared, she could not depart this world without
 „discovering a secret to me, which she said was
 „the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She
 „said she had formerly travelled in a company of
 „gypsies, who had made a practice of stealing away

„children; that for her own part she had been
„only once guilty of the crime, which, she said,
„she lamented more than all the rest of her sins,
„since probably it might have occasioned the death
„of the parents: for, added she, it is almost im-
„possible to describe the beauty of the young crea-
„ture, which was about a year and a half old when
„I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl)
„above two years in our company, when I sold
„her myself for three guineas to Sir *Thomas Booby*
„in *Somersetshire*. Now, you know whether there
„are any more of that name in this country. —
„Yes, says *Adams*, there are several *Booby's* who
„are Squires, but I believe no Baronet now alive;
„besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there
„is no room for doubt; but you have forgot to
„tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen. —
„Their name, answered the pedlar, was
„*Andrews*. They lived about thirty miles from
„the squire; and she told me, that I might be sure
„to find them out by one circumstance; for
„they had a daughter of a very strange name, *Pamēla*
„or *Pamēla*; some pronounced it one way,
„and some the other.” *Fanny*, who had changed
colours at the first mention of the name, now
fainted away, *Joseph* turned pale, and poor *Dicky*
began to roar; the parson fell on his knees,
and ejaculated many thanksgivings, that this discovery
had been made before the dreadful sin of incest
was committed, and the pedlar was struck
with amazement, not being able to account for all

this confusion, the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person; (for the mother was chafing *Fanny's* temples, and taking the utmost care of her;) and indeed *Fanny* was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to *Lady Booby*.

CHAP. XIII.

The history returning to the Lady Booby, gives some account of the terrible conflict in her breast between love and pride, with what happened on the present discovery.

The Lady sat down with her company to dinner; but ate nothing. As soon as the cloth was removed, she whispered *Pamela* that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and Beau *Didapper*. She then went up into her chamber, sent for *Slipslop*, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer, without bursting. *Slipslop* now approached her bed, and asked how her Ladyship did? but instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of *Joseph Andrews*: ending at last with ex-

pressing her concern, that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as *Fanny*. *Slipslop* well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish that *Joseph* had been a gentleman, and that she could see her Lady in the arms of such a husband. The Lady then started from the bed, and taking a turn or two cross the room, cried out with a deep sigh: — „Sure he „would make any woman happy.” — Your Ladyship, „says she, would be the happiest woman „in the world with him. — A fig for custom and „nonsense. What *vails* what people say? Shall I „be afraid of eating sweatmeats, because people „may say I have a sweet tooth? If I had a mind „to marry a man, all the world should not hinder „me. Your Ladyship hath no parents to *tutelar* „your *infections*; besides, he is of your Ladyship's „family now, and as good a gentleman as any in „the country, and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as a man? Why should not „your Ladyship marry the brother, as well as „your nephew the sister? I am sure, if it was a „*fragrant* crime, I would not persuade your Ladyship to it.” — „But, dear *Slipslop*,” answered the Lady, „if I could prevail on myself to commit „such a weakness, there is that cursed *Fanny* in „the way, whom the idiot — Oh how I hate „and despise him! — She! a little ugly mynx, „cries *Slipslop*, leave her to me. — I suppose „your Ladyship hath heard of *Joseph's* sitting with

„one of Mr. *Didapper*'s servants about her; and
„his master hath ordered them to carry her away
„by force this evening. I'll take care they shall
„not want assistance. I was walking with this gent-
„leman, who was below, just when your Ladyship
„sent for me.” — „Go back,” says the Lady
„*Booby*, this instant; for I expect Mr. *Didapper*
„will soon be going. Do all you can; for I am
„resolved this wench shall not be in our family.
„I will endeavour to return to the company; but
„let me know as soon as she is carried off.” *Slip-
stop* went away; and her mistress began to ar-
raign her own conduct in the following manner:

„What am I doing? How do I suffer this pas-
„sion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How ma-
„ny days are past since I could have submitted to
„ask myself the question? — Marry a footman!
„distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my
„acquaintance? But I can retire from them; reti-
„re with one in whom I propose more happiness
„than the world without him can give me! Reti-
„re—to feed continually on beauties, which my
„inflamed imagination sickens with eagerly gazing
„on; to satisfy every appetite, every desire with
„their utmost wish. — Ha! and do I doat thus
„on a footman! I despise, I detest my passion. —
„Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind? —
„Kind to whom? to the meanest wretch, a creatu-
„re below my consideration. Doth he not? —
„Yes, he doth prefer her: curse his beauties, and
„the little low heart that possesses them; which
„can basely descend to this despicable wench, and

„be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do him.
„And can I then love this monster? No, I will
„tear his image from my bosom, tread on him,
„spurn him. I will have those pitiful charms, which
„now I despise, mangled in my sight; for I will
„not suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the beauties I contemn. No, though I despise him myself; though I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other should taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery. — To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite. — How I detest the thought! How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence, than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly? Whether did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aids of reason to my assistance? Reason, which hath now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar” — *Slipslop* returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out. — „O Madam, I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the *George*; where, it seems, *Joseph* and the rest of them are a

„jinketting; and he says, there is a man who hath „discovered, that *Joseph* and *Fanny* are brother „and sister. — How, *Slipslop*!” cries the Lady in a surprise, — „I had not time, Madam,” cries *Slipslop*, „to enquire about *particles*, but Tom „says, it is must certainly true.”

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the Lady hesitated a moment, and then forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint *Pamela* with the news. *Pamela* said, she could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she had ever had any more than *Joseph* and herself. The Lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts, and disowning relations, who had so lately been on a level with her. *Pamela* made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife; he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening, she should not have staid a moment longer in her house; that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such, and he himself would do the same: he then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him; which Lady *Booby* immediately ordered,

and thinking proper to make some apology to *Pamela* for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did *Fanny* and *Joseph*, who would not quit her; the parson likewise was induced, not only by curiosity, of which he had no small portion, but his duty, as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an escape.

When they arrived at *Booby-hall*, they were presently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the same story he had told before, and insisted on the truth of every circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the truth; except *Pamela*, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the Lady *Booby*, who suspected the falsehood of the story from her ardent desire that it should be true; and *Joseph*, who feared its truth, from earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. *Booby* now desired them all to suspend their curiosity, and absolute belief or disbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. *Andrews* and his wife to fetch himself and *Pamela* home in his coach, and then they might be certain of perfectly knowing the truth or falsehood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many

strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falsehood on them.

The Lady *Booby*, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all, viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau and the parson, with great good-humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth; for Mr. *Booby* had prevailed on *Joseph* to ask Mr. *Didapper's* pardon; with which he was perfectly satisfied. Many jokes pass'd between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these affording much diversion to the company. *Pamela* chid her brother *Joseph* for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, if he loved *Fanny* as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her. — Upon which *Adams* began to discourse on *Platonic* love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world; and concluded with strongly asserting, that there was no such thing as pleasure in this. At which *Pamela* and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire (for no other person gave the least symptom of desiring rest) they all repaired to several beds provided for them in the same house; nor was *Adams* himself

self suffered to go home, it being a stormy night, *Fanny* indeed often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by *Joseph's* advice, consented.

CHAP. XIV.

Containing several curious night-adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth scapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning,) *Beau Didapper*, whose passion for *Fanny* permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where *Fanny* lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night-gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A favour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty; for there was not a glimpse

of light, and opening the curtains, he whispered in *Joseph's* voice: (for he was an excellent mimic,) „*Fanny*, my angel, I am come to inform thee that „I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last „night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but „thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment „of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient „assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny „me the possession of thy charms.” — So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and leaping into the bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surpris'd at receiving no answer, he was no less pleas'd to find his hug return'd with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished *Slipshlop* whom he had engaged; but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for *Joseph*, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of *Fanny*. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau *Didapper* no sooner had perceiv'd his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful *Slipshlop* prevented him. For that prudent woman being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promis'd her pleasure, resolv'd to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue,

Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and, as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her Lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out: „O thou „villain! thou hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance.” The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled, she cried out: „Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!” At which words parson *Adams*, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where laying hold of the beau's skin, (for *Slipslop* had torn his shirt almost off,) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging *Slipslop* to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on *Slipslop's* chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then turning towards *Slipslop*, recei-

ved such a cuff on his chops, that his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that, had poor *Slipslop* received the fist, which in the dark past by her, and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost. — *Adams*, missing his blow, fell directly on *Slipslop*, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behind-hand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. — She then cried she was a woman; but *Adams* answered, she was rather the devil, and if she was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another stroke on his chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. *Adams* then seizing her by the hair (for her double clout had fallen off in the scuffle,) pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The Lady *Booby*, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a night-gown, petticoat, and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to *Slipslop's* room, where she entered just at the instant as *Adams* had discovered by the two mountains which *Slipslop* carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. *Slipslop* seeing Lady *Booby* enter the room, cried: „Help! or I am ravished,”

with a most audible voice; and *Adams* perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the Lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed: nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of *Adams*, suffer her to approach farther. — She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in chusing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor *Adams* had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady *Booby* herself, and immediately whipt under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste *Slipslop* endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel night-cap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. *Slipslop* for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady *Booby* then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. „Hey-day! says she, what is the meaning of this? — O, Madam, says *Slipslop*, I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room. To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels, says the Lady. — Undoubted-

ly cries the parson, to the young gentleman „whom I mistook for a woman on coming into „the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent „mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I „would have seized him, had he been another *Hercules*, though he seems indeed rather to represent „*Hylas*.” He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the Lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of *Slipstop* and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did *Slipstop* persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The Lady therefore, desiring him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering *Slipstop* to arise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, *Adams* renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. *Slipstop*, who, with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where *Fanny* lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day: that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her *Joseph*, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. *Adams*

groped out the bed, and turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. *Adams* had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter; so *Adams* lay by the side of *Fanny*, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near: nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath, overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when *Joseph*, who had secretly appointed *Fanny* to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber-door, which, when he had repeated twice, *Adams* cry'd: „come in, whoever you are.” *Joseph* thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying in a chair. *Fanny* waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on *Adams's* beard, she cry'd out. — „O heavens! where am I? Bless me! where am I?” said the parson. Then *Fanny* scream'd, *Adams* leapt out of bed, and *Joseph* stood, as the Tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprise. „How came she into my room?” cried *Adams*. „How

„came you into hers?” cried *Joseph* in an astonishment. „I know nothing of the matter,” answered *Adams*, „but that she is a vestal for me. „As I am a Christian, I know not whether she is „a man or woman. He is an infidel who doth „not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist „now as in the days of *Saul*. My clothes are bewitched away too, and *Fanny*’s brought into their „place.” For he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but *Fanny* denied it vehemently, and said, his attempting to persuade *Joseph* of such a falsehood, convinced her of his wicked design. „How! said *Joseph* in a rage, hath he offered „any rudeness to you?” — She answered, she could not accuse him of any more than villainously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention. *Joseph*’s great opinion of *Adams* was not so easily to be staggered, and when he heard from *Fanny*, that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and as he knew the house, and that the women’s apartment were on this side, *Mrs. Slipslop*’s room and the men’s on the other, he was convinced that he was in *Fanny*’s chamber. Assuring *Adams* therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. *Adams* then, standing in his shirt, which did not offend *Fanny*, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened; and when he had ended, *Joseph* told him, it was plain he had mistaken, by turning to the right instead of the left,

„Odso! cries *Adams*, that's true, as sure as six-pence, you have hit on the very thing." He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged *Fanny's* pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature firmly believing all he said, told him she was no longer angry, and begged *Joseph* to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself till she had put her clothes on. *Joseph* and *Adams* accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a Christian could deny it.

CHAP. XV.

The arrival of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, with another person not much expected, and a perfect solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar.

As soon as *Fanny* was dress'd, *Joseph* returned to her, and they had a long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that if they found themselves really to be brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and *Joseph* and *Fanny* rather more chearful than the preceding night. The Lady *Booby* produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alledged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed he was far from being ashamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate, that more than was really true had pass'd between him and the fair *Slipslop*.

Their tea was scarce over, when news came of the arrival of old Mr. *Andrews* and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady *Booby*, whose heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of *Joseph* and *Fanny*. They felt perhaps little less anxiety in this interval than *Oedipus* himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. *Booby* first opened the cause, by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of, and taking *Fanny* by the hand, told him this was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gypsies in her infancy. Mr. *Andrews*, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour, that he had never lost a daughter by gypsies, nor ever had any other children than *Joseph* and *Pamela*. These words were a cordial to the two lovers, but had a different effect on Lady *Booby*. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before. — At the end of which old Mrs. *Andrews* running to *Fanny*, embraced her, crying out: „She is, she is, my

„child.” The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows. „You may remember, my „Dear, when you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, „you left me big with child; you staid abroad, „you know, upwards of three years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of „this daughter, whom I am sure I have reason „to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast „till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year, or a „year and half old, or thereabouts, two gypsy women came to the door, and offered to tell my „fortune. One of them had a child in her lap: „I shewed them my hand, and desired to know „if you was ever to come home again, which I „remember as well as if it was but yesterday; they „faithfully promised me you should. — I left „the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a „cup of liquor, the best I had; when I returned „with the pot (I am sure I was not absent longer „than whilst I am telling it to you) the women „were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, and looked, and looked, but to no purpose, „and heaven knows I had very little for them to „steal. At last, hearing the child cry in the cradle, „I went to take it up; — — but O the living! „how was I surprised to find, instead of my own

„girl that I had put in the cradle, who was as fine
„a fat thriving child as you shall see in a sum-
„mer's day, a poor sickly boy, that did not seem
„to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my
„hair off and crying out like any mad after the
„women, but never could hear a word of them
„from that day to this. When I came back, the
„poor infant (which is our *Joseph* there, as stout
„as he now stands) lifted up his eyes upon me so
„piteously, that to be sure notwithstanding my
„passion, I could not find in my heart to do it
„any mischief. A neighbour of mine happening
„to come in at the same time, and hearing the
„case, advised me to take care of this poor child,
„and God would perhaps one day restore me my
„own. Upon which I took the child up and suck-
„led it, to be sure, for all the world, as if it had
„been of my own natural body. And as true as
„I am alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to
„nothing as if it had been my own girl. — Well,
„as I was saying, times growing very hard, I ha-
„ving two children, and nothing but my own
„work, which was little enough, God knows, to
„maintain them, was obliged to ask relief of the
„parish; but instead of giving it me, they remo-
„ved me, by justices warrants, fifteen miles, to
„the place where I now live, where I had not
„been long settled before you came home. *Jo-*
„„*seph* (for that was the name I gave him my-
„self—the Lord knows whether he was baptized
„or no, or by what name) *Joseph*, I say, see-
„med to me to be about five years old when you

„returned: for I believe he is two or three years
„older than our daughter here, (for I am tho-
„roughly convinced she is the same); and when
„you saw him, you said he was a chopping boy,
„without ever minding his age; and so I seeing
„you did not suspect any thing of the matter,
„thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself,
„for fear you should not love him as well as I
„did. And all this is *veritably* true, and I will
„take my oath of it before any justice in the
„Kingdom.”

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of Lady Booby, listened with the utmost attention to *Gammer Andrews's* story, and when she had finished, asked her if the supposititious child had no mark on its breast? To which she answered: „Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as „ever grew in a garden.” This *Joseph* acknowledged, and, unbuttoning his coat at the intercession of the company, shewed to them. „Well,” says *Gaffer Andrews*, who was a comical sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, „you have proved, „I think, very plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the girl „is ours?” The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouse; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. *Adams*, hath seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchan-

ge, and of the strawberry on *Joseph's* breast. At the repetition of the word *Strawberry*, *Adams*, who had seen it without any emotion, started, and cried: „Bless me! something comes into my „head.” But before he had time to bring any thing out, a servant called him forth. When he was gone, the pedlar assured *Joseph*, that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house, by those whom they call gypsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never known or forgot it; but that she had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But fortune, which seldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect, that Mr. *Wilson* had intended a journey to the West, in which he was to pass through Mr. *Adams's* parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the *Lady Booby's* gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house, and had sent in the servant whom we have above seen call Mr. *Adams* forth. This had no sooner mentioned the

discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word *Strawberry*, than Mr. *Wilson*, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be shewed into the room, where he entered without the least regard to any of the company but *Joseph*, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast; the parson followed him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out: *Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.* *Joseph* complied with the request of Mr. *Wilson*, who no sooner saw the mark, than abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced *Joseph* with inexpressible ecstasy, and cried out in tears of joy: „I have discovered my son, I „have him again in my arms!” *Joseph* was not sufficiently apprised yet, to taste the same delight with his father, (for so in reality he was): however he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father’s account, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he drew himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present; but none so much as Lady *Booby*, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

CHAP. XVI.

Being the last. In which this true history is brought to a happy conclusion.

*F*anny was very little behind her *Joseph*, in the duty she expressed towards her parents, and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. *Gammer Andrews* kissed her, and said she was heartily glad to see her: but for her part she could never love any one better than *Joseph*. *Gaffer Andrews* testified no remarkable emotion; he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly, that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married: he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity: and now, having congratulated *Mr. Wilson* and *Joseph* on the discovery, he saluted *Fanny*, called her sister, and introduced her as such to *Pamela*, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned, that she wished him a good journey; but was too disordered to see any company; he therefore prepared to set out, having invited *Mr. Wilson* to his house; and *Pamela* and *Joseph* both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from
Mr.

Mr. *Booby*, to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner. The two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the Squire, Mr. *Wilson*, *Joseph*, Parson *Adams*, and the pedlar proceeded on horseback.

In their way *Joseph* informed his father of his intended match with *Fanny*; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances he consented, saying, if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He, however, insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which *Joseph* perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of Parson *Adams*, who, by these means, saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. *Adams*, greatly exulting on this occasion, (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him), accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining, for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at pre-

sent bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had, perhaps, some contempt, immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks, that he tumbled the parson from his back; which *Joseph* perceiving, came to his relief. This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frightened poor *Fanny*, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and terror of the other were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way; but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants who were travelling the opposite way, and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and as one of the servants delivered *Adams* his horse, his master hailed him, and *Adams* looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace, before whom he and *Fanny* had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him, that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to *Salisbury* gaol, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey, and the former having, with some disdain, refused *Joseph's* offer of changing

horses, and declared he was as able a horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr. *Adams*, by good luck rather than by good riding, elcaping a second fall.

The company arriving at Mr. *Booby's* house, were all received by him in the most courteous, and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being, perhaps, impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. *Joseph* and *Fanny* found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest, but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning, Mr. *Wilson* proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother; which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his *Fanny*: but the goodness of Mr. *Booby* relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. *Wilson*, whom *Pamela* so very earnestly invited, that Mr. *Wilson* at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. *Booby* and *Joseph*, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs. *Wilson*, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine, much better and quicker too than I can describe, the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say, she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example, in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. *Adams* performed the service at the Squire's parish church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady *Booby's* parish so to do; being particularly charged not to omit publishing the banns, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put *Joseph* in the possession of all his wishes. He arose and dressed himself in a neat, but plain suit of Mr. *Booby's*, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all finery; as did *Fanny* likewise, who could not be prevailed on by *Pamela* to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity night-gown. Her shift, indeed, which *Pamela* presented her, was of the finest kind, and had an edging of lace round the bosom; she likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread-stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared caps, and over it a little straw-hat, lined with cherry coloured ribbon. In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by *Joseph*, whose eyes sparkled fire, led

to the church, the whole family attending, where Mr. *Adams* performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of *Fanny*, unless the true Christian piety of *Adams*, who publickly rebuked Mr. *Booby* and *Pamela* for laughing in so sacred a place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth: for though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened, he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour, or of his cause, to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed he always asserted, that Mr. *Adams* at church, with his surplice on, and Mr. *Adams* without that ornament, in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over, *Joseph* led his blooming bride back to Mr. *Booby's*, (for the distance was so very little, they did not think proper to use a coach); the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parson *Adams* demonstrated an appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present: indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion, were those on whose ac-

count the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency; in which, however, Parson *Adams*, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him; the happy, the blessed moment arrived when *Fanny* retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister. She was soon undressed; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off ornaments: for as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature: the bloom of roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness; but to comprehend her intirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatness, and innocence, in her bridal bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming *Fanny's* picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed, than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A mi-

nute carried him into her arms, where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I apprehend *Joseph* neither envied the noblest Duke, nor *Fanny* the finest Dutchess that night.

The third day, Mr. *Wilson* and his wife, with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. *Booby* hath, with unprecedented generosity, given *Fanny* a fortune of two thousand pounds, which *Joseph* hath laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies, (his father having stocked it for him); and *Fanny* presides with most excellent management in his dairy: where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. *Wilson* informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. *Booby* hath presented Mr. *Adams* with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he had lived so long; but on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents both from Mr. *Wilson* and Mr. *Booby*, is, by the latter's interest, made an exciseman; a trust which he discharges with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the *Lady Booby*, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of *Joseph*.

Joseph remains blessed with his *Fanny*, whom he doats on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

THE END.



